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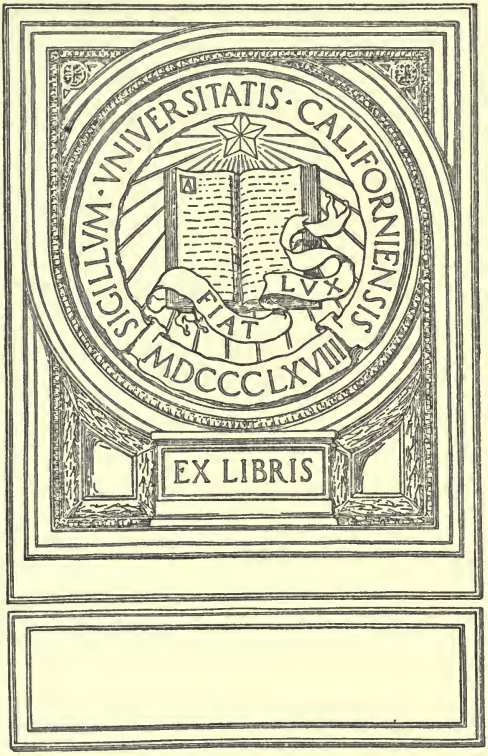
The COLLECTED POEMS OF THOMAS O'HAGAN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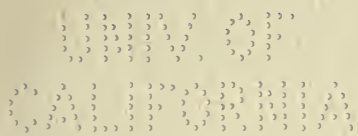
The Collected Poems *of* Thomas O'Hagan

BOOKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

A Gate of Flowers.
In Dreamland.
Songs of the Settlement.
In the Heart of the Meadow.
Songs of Heroic Days.
Studies in Poetry.
Canadian Essays.
Chats By the Fireside.
Essays Literary Critical and Historical.
Essays on Catholic Life.

THOMAS O'HAGAN

The Collected Poems *of* Thomas O'Hagan



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PRINTED IN CANADA

TO
THE MEMORY OF
MY MOTHER

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

The collected poems in this volume comprise the chief poetic work of the author, and witness to the spirit and character of his muse, in its happiest moments of inspiration.

Poetry should reflect, as in a crystal mirror, the soul of the writer, and its aim should be to delight and exalt. Not Philosophy, but Beauty and Truth,—yea and Simplicity crowning this Beauty and Truth—are the true vestal virgins of verse that should ever preside over the fires of poetic inspiration.

It will be observed that the poems have been classified—not however rigidly—the better to mark the prevailing themes that have, at different times, received poetic treatment at the hands of the writer.

If poetry be the splendor of truth, this volume reflects, in some measure, the higher and more cherished spiritual truths, in the life of the author.

AN APPRECIATION

The day is happily past when any book written by Dr. O' Hagan needs to be introduced to the reading public, or his place in our literature asserted. Everyone, then, who reads current poetry, will hail with delight the publication of this volume of the collected poems of the author.

As an essayist and poet we consider that Thomas O'Hagan stands in the very first rank of Canadian authors. In this, his latest publication, the Doctor presents us with the poems he has written during the thirty or thirty-five years that have passed, since he became known to Canadian readers of poetry. Included in this treasured volume are nearly all the poems that have appeared in his *Gate of Flowers, In Dreamland, Songs of the Settlement, In the Heart of the Meadow,* and in his *Songs of Heroic Days,* together with a goodly number of poems that have never yet appeared in book form.

As a poet, Dr. O'Hagan was fortunate in winning at the very inception of his poetic work, the praise and commendation of many of the most illustrious *literati* of our day. When his *Gate of Flowers,* his first book of poems, appeared more than thirty years ago, it received the recognition of the American poet, John G. Whittier, and the Canadian poets, Charles G. D. Roberts, Dr. Louis Frechette and Pamphile Lemay. Roberts wrote: "Mr. O'Hagan seems to possess that ear for melody which never fails the charming poets of his race." And the Quaker poet, Whittier expressed himself as much pleased with the author's fine spiritual poem, " A Christmas Chant." From Dublin, Ireland, came the commendation of the Irish *litterateur,* Katharine Tynan Hinkson, who wrote: "Mr. O'Hagan's poetry possesses Irish sweetness and melody."

The lamented Nicholas Flood Davin, poet, journalist and

parliamentarian, wrote Dr. O'Hagan, after his poem "Ireland in 1880" had appeared in the *Canadian Monthly*: "I cannot deny myself the pleasure of telling you what I think of these verses. They are instinct with true inspiration, and should have, for all time, a place in Irish literature." And when in 1893, Dr. O'Hagan's volume of poems *In Dreamland* was published, the late Charles Dudley Warner, the eminent American critic and essayist, commended the author's poems on Ireland for "their fire, lyric spirit and fine melody."

There are two forms of poetry in which the genius of Dr. O'Hagan appears to excel; indeed we doubt if any Canadian poet surpasses him in these two: the elegy and the commemorative poem. His lines on the death of Sir John Thompson, bearing the title "Tears of the Maple" and his commemorative poems, "The Moore Centenary Ode." "The Twilight of the Cross," and "Vestigia Retrorsum,"—the latter read at the celebration of the golden jubilee of St. Michael's College, Toronto —are splendid examples of his supremacy as an elegiac and commemorative poet. Nor should we fail to record the ardent note of patriotism which marks his Canadian patriotic poems. In many of his "Poems of the Settlement," you get the very atmosphere of pioneer days; and you seem to hear the lowing of the cattle, and that hushed sound of light breezes, among the pines and maples, soothing as the voice of lapping waters.

Dr. O'Hagan and Isabella Valancy Crawford are the two Canadian poets who have dealt with the simple themes of pioneer life on a farm. The reader will not fail also to observe that the technique and rhythm in such poems as "The Song My Mother Sings," "Grosse Isle," "Bobs of Kandahar," and "A Song of Canadian Rivers," are exceptionally fine.

It is clearly evident that the author has had, as his constant aim, the desire to give to his Canadian readers his best interpretation of the life of their country. He endeavors to paint that life with an artistry that does full justice to his theme. While limning the surface of things, our author never fails to describe the spiritual values that lie beneath. He belongs to

the few who in every generation feel that poetry is a great art, a high calling; and with this feeling he presses undeviatingly towards developing the best that is in him.

Dr. O'Hagan writes with a clear eye, a sane mind, and a sensitive heart. While agreeing in the main with Walter de la Mare, that "every book lives or perishes by virtue or default of its artistic sincerity," we feel disposed to add that the personality of the author has much to do with the popularity and life of his book. The fine personality of Thomas O'Hagan enters into all his literary work, particularly his poems, which are marked by a depth of feeling expressed with rare delicacy and lyric grace. There is in them a spirit of serenity and tenderness, a wise restraint and an admirable naturalness, in thought and expression. It was this which led the New York *Independent* to say, when reviewing one of the author's volumes: "Here is a poet who writes verse without putting on airs."

While, too, we have usually to wait for a later generation than that of the author to determine his place in literature, or to estimate rightly his value, we are quite certain that we are safe in saying that Dr. O'Hagan has already won a distinctive place in Canadian letters, and that this collected volume of his poems will be received and regarded as a most valuable addition to our Canadian literature.

W. R. HARRIS.

Toronto, January 25, 1922.

LETTER FROM HON. JUSTICE LONGLEY, D. C. L., LL. D.,
Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada.

Halifax, Nova Scotia.
November 10, 1921

My dear Doctor O'Hagan:

I cannot express to you how delighted I am to learn that it is your intention to bring out a complete edition of all your exquisite poems.

You know how much I admired the different volumes which you have, from time to time, published, to one of which, *In the Heart of the Meadow,* you were kind enough to ask me to contribute the Foreword.

I expressed then, and desire to reiterate now, my sense of your poems being marked by rare beauty, purity and simplicity; differing in this respect from the bulk of the poetry of our day, which is so abstract and difficult to comprehend.

I trust that your venture will meet with success. The public are not now in a mood to devote much of their attention to poetry; but you have faith that this will only add to your triumph.

Yours most sincerely,

J. W. LONGLEY.

The Collected Poems *of* Thomas O'Hagan

PROEM.

HEARTS oft bow before strange idols,
Strength of power and breath of fame,
And forgetful of life's morning
Dream of noontide's gilded name;
But the idol that I cherish
Knows no glory e'en in part—
'Tis the simple faith of childhood
Long grown strong within my heart.

In the darkest hour of trial,
When each star has veiled its face,
Turn I fondly to my idol,
Full of heavenly light and grace;—
Then my step grows firm and steady
Down the mystic path of night,
For the simple faith of childhood
Guides me, leads me ever right.

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POEMS OF CANADIAN PATRIOTISM

WE'RE ALL CANADIANS.

WE are brothers to the mountains and the sea;
The prairies are our playground wide and free;
Our birthright is a nation, fashioned by God's hand,
And the charter of our freedom is the aegis of our land—
For we're all Canadians!

Latin, Saxon, Celt and Norman—let each reign;
Plant each seed of racial splendor—sift the grain;
In the furrows traced by time,
Ours will be a race sublime—
For we're all Canadians!

Light of star shall guide our bark,
Through the mazes of the dark;
And the sun shall kiss our sails in the morn
As we put to port, a Nation newly born—
For we're all Canadians!

THE MAPLE AND SHAMROCK.

LET'S sing of the Maple, the broad gen'rous Maple,
A type of our Country, fair, lovely and free.
And with it entwine in couplets the Shamrock,
An emblem of union, bright symbol of three;
In joyous orison let each bounding river
Proclaim, as it rolls its bright wave to the sea,
That liberty, peace and patriot devotion
Will flourish where Maple and Shamrock agree.

Hail, then, broad-leaf'd Maple, fair type of our country,
May Canada's sons grow as stalwart as thee,
And with the same vigor bud forth into manhood,
Bright forest of greatness, in one mighty tree;
May virtue ennoble each deed of our country,
In letters of gold be emblazon'd her name,
Towering up like the Maple, yet humble as Shamrock,
An aegis of safety, a triumph of fame.

Yes, this be the grandeur we seek for our country,
Let virtues be nobles and toil be our King;
The axe of the woodsman while smiting the forest,
In bold proclamation our greatness shall ring—
Shall echo the accent of Canada's future,
In pæan of labor, in triumph of song,
And the grace notes of progress that greet our Dominion
Proclaim that the Maple and Shamrock are one.

Then weave in one garland the Maple and Shamrock,
A nation's sweet incense breathe fragrance around;
The pulse of our country shall quicken its paces,
As quicken the measures of freedom's bright sound.
May the dove of true peace wing its way o'er the
country,
Our people grow great in the sunshine of prayer,
And Maple and Shamrock, resplendent in beauty,
Embalm, with sweet incense, loved Canada fair!

OUR OWN DEAR LAND.

OUR own dear land of Maple Leaf,
So full of hope and splendor,
With skies that smile on rivers wide,
And lend them charms so tender;
From east to west in loud acclaim
We'll sing your praise and story,
While with a faith and purpose true
We'll guard your future glory,
Our own dear land!

Your flag shall ever be our trust,
Your temple our devotion;
By every lip your pæan be sung
From ocean unto ocean;
The star that lights your glorious path,
We'll hail with rapture holy,
And every gift of heart and hand
Be yours forever solely,
Our own dear land!

A SONG OF CANADIAN RIVERS.

FLOW on, noble rivers! Flow on, flow on,
In your beauteous course to the sea!
Sweep on, noble rivers! Sweep on, sweep on,
Bright emblems of true liberty!
Roll noiselessly on a tide of bright song,
Roll happily, grandly and free;
Sweep over each plain in silv'ry-tongued strain,
Sweep down to the deep sounding sea!

Flow on, noble rivers! Flow on, flow on,
Flow swiftly and smoothly and free!
Chant loudly and grand the notes of our land—
Fair Canada's true minstrelsy.
Roll joyously on, sweep proudly along,
In mirthfulest accents of glee!
Flow on, noble rivers! Flow on, flow on,
Flow down to the deep-sounding sea!

Flow on, sweep on, sweep on, flow on,
In a measureless, mystical key!
Each note that you wake on streamlet and lake
Will blend with the song of the sea.
Through labyrinth-clad dell, in dreamy-like spell,
Where slumbers each sentinel tree,
Flow on, noble rivers! Flow on, flow on,
Flow down to the deep-sounding sea!

MY NATIVE LAND.

MY native land, how dear to me
The sunshine of your glory!
How dear to me your deeds of fame,
Embalm'd in verse and story!
From east to west, from north to south,
In accents pure and tender,
Let's sing in lays of joyous praise
Your happy homes of splendor.
Dear native land!

Across the centuries of the past,
With hearts of fond devotion,
We trace the white sails of your line
Through crest'd wave of ocean;
And every man of every race
Whose heart has shaped your glory
Shall win from us a homage true
In gift of song and story.
My native land!

O let not petty strife e'er mar
The bright dawn of your morning,
Nor bigot word of demagogue
Create untimely warning!
Deep in our hearts let justice reign—
A justice broad and holy—
That knows no creed nor race nor tongue,
But our Dominion solely.
Dear native land!

Dear native land, we are but one
From ocean unto ocean;
"The sun that tints the Maple Leaf"
Smiles with a like devotion
On Stadacona's fortress height,
On Grand-Pré's storied valley,
And that famed tide whose peaceful shore
Was rock'd in battle sally.
My native land!

Here will we plant each virtue rare,
And watch it bud and flourish—
From sunny France and Scotia's hills
Kind dews will feed and nourish;
And Erin's heart of throbbing love,
So warm, so true and tender,
Will cheer our hearths and cheer our homes
With wealth of lyric splendor.
Dear native land!

Dear native land, on this New Year
We pray you ne'er may falter;
That patriot sons may feed the flames
That burn upon your altar.
May Heaven stoop down upon each home,
And bless in love our people,
And ring thro' hearts, both rich and poor,
Sweet peace from heav'nly steeple.
My native land!

HEROES.

A POEM READ AT THE CANADIAN CLUB BANQUET IN HAMILTON, ONTARIO, APRIL, 1894.

OUR land is dower'd with glory
From the east unto the west,
With rays of ripen'd splendor
That cluster on her breast;
But the stars that beam out brighest,
And shall burn to the last,
Are the deeds that light our fathers' graves—
The heroes of the past.

O brothers, ye who gather round
This festive board to-night,
Whose hearts are timed to patriot words
That glow with love and light!
Recall with me the years gone by—
Full well ye know their life—
When patriots stood to guard our homes
In dark and deadly strife;

When through our land a psalm of grief
Smote every heart and door
With tidings from each battlefield
Rock'd by dread cannons' roar;
And mothers prayed and sisters wept
With love and faith divine,
Beseeching God to guard our hosts
Along the frontier line.

From Lundy's Lane and Queenston Heights
The message speedily came
That filled each heart and home with joy
And tired the wings of fame;
At Chateauguay brave sons of France
Drove back the stubborn foe,
With loyal heart and weapon strong,
Just eighty years ago.

But not alone on battlefield
Did heroes, staunch and brave,
Yield up their lives in honor's cause
Our country's flag to save:
In savage forests deep and drear,
Beset with hardships fell,
Our fathers toiled then sank to sleep
Within each lonely dell.

Their memory lives upon our streams,
Their deeds upon our plains;
They need not shaft nor monument,
Nor gold-emblazon'd panes;
In virtues link'd through ages
Shall their great strong lives flow on,
Inspiring souls to nobler deeds
From patriot sire to son.

Theirs be the glory, ours the love,
In this great cherish'd land,
Bearing the impress—seal of heaven—
And fashioned by His hand,
Whose victory is the ark of peace,
Guarded by love—not fear—
Strong as the faith that consecrates
Our heroes with a tear.

A nation's hope, a nation's life
Be ours from east to west;
A nation's hope, a nation's life
To fire each patriot breast;
That in the blossoming years to come
Our proudest boast as men,
When bound by ties of nationhood,
To hail this land—Canadian!

OUR DEATHLESS DEAD.

WHAT shall we sing of our heroes
Who died on the field of fame,
Whose patriot deeds of devotion
Our loving hearts proclaim?
Shall we count the stars of their glory,
And tell how they fought to save
The flag of our home and country
Now floating above each grave?

No; ours is a simple duty,
Devoid of trumpet or tongue,
With meaning far deeper and greater
Than bard or poet has sung:
Our hearts must beat to their measure,
Our feet keep pace to their tread,
If we would be worthy to honor
The graves of our deathless dead.

The world is linked with cycles,
Each lit with the glory of man,
Whose rays of ripen'd splendor
Stream'd forth when freedom began;
For Persian yielded to Grecian
Till Roman valor won all,
Then the voice of the North rang loud and strong
That Rome itself must fall.

Where now is the Spartan soldier
  Who fought with spear and shield,
Who lisp'd the names of the warlike gods
  That taught him never to yield?
Where now are the Roman legions
  That answered to victory's call,
And smiled when the voice of Cæsar
  Sounded the march to Gaul?

They live in the heart of history,
  But not in the hearts of men;
Their names are red with the crimson stain
  Of Conquest's crime and sin;
  They had no message of freedom,
  They knelt at no altar but fame:
  The gifts they brought to their vanquished foes
  Were slavery, sin and shame.

But the years have blossom'd with new-born thought
    Adown long centuries' plain,
And the seed oft sown with Freedom's hand
  Has ripen'd for man—not gain;
For the noblest thought in the world today
  Takes counsel with Freedom's plan
To snap in twain the bondsman's chain,
And bid him stand forth—a Man!

Then honor and love and tears we bring
To each grave of our patriot dead;
To the soldier who hearken'd to Duty's voice,
To the great strong heart that led.
We shower o'er each breast, long, long at rest,
In rainbow blossom and hue,
The flowers of our heart, the flowers of our home—
God bless the Brave and the True!

AN ODE TO THE NEW YEAR.

GOD bless our land! with Faith's right hand
Shower blessings on our people;
From waste of snow to city bright,
Ring love from every steeple;
From hearts where fondest hopes abide,
In regal homes of splendor,
Send forth to all in cot and hall,
A message pure and tender!

God bless our land! with patriot hand
Inscribe her brightest story,
Across the span of future years,
In deed of deathless glory;
From east to west, from north to south,
Shower blessings on our people;
From waste of snow to city bright,
Ring love from every steeple!

God bless our land! with Faith's right hand
Heal bitter Strife's unkindness,—
And wounded hearts win back in love
From Passion's rule and blindness;—
God bless our hearts! God bless our homes!
Shower blessings on our people!
In purest chime thro' endless time
From heavenly Church and Steeple!

UNDER THE NORTHERN STAR.

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE CELEBRATION OF CANADIAN DAY AT THE PANAMA EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO, 1915.

UNDER the Northern Star stretches and reaches of land
Fashion'd and form'd with the finger of God,
Priceless in bounty, a gift from His hand—
Mountain, and prairie, and emerald sod.

Sunlight and moonlight fill all our vast fields,
Touching the grain into beauteous gold:
Giants of manhood, we stand by the way,
And building our Nation we never grow old.

On rush our rivers, with welcomed acclaim,
Catching the glints of our dew-drench'd sky;
While pioneers plough and statesmen plan,
New homes are fashioned and cities arise.

Then greetings we bring to the Golden Gate,
With its wealth of dreams and storied shores;
Where the Nations have builded an Altar of Peace,
And St. Francis, in friendship, thrown wide his doors.

POEMS OF LOVE AND AFFECTION

THE TIDE OF LOVE.

THE tide of love is a tide of the sea,
Measureless, infinite, royal and free;
It sways on its crest the soul of man,
And has lash'd life's sea since the world began:
Out of its mystery poets are born;
Link'd to its chain is sorrow and scorn;
It seeks the shores of returning love,
Then welcomes the light of each star above.

The tide of love is a despot kind;
It frees the soul though its fetters bind;
Its dawn is a spark of the infinite soul;
Its waves are the passions that shoreward roll:
It greets the mystery of sun and star;
It carries our dreams beyond life's bar;
Out of its heart, in an infinite plan,
God fashions all life in the soul of Man.

THE SONG MY MOTHER SINGS.

O SWEET unto my heart is the song my mother sings
As eventide is brooding on its dark and noiseless wings;
Every note is charged with memory—every memory bright with rays
Of the golden hours of promise in the lap of childhood's days;
The orchard blooms anew and each blossom scents the way,
And I feel again the breath of eve among the newmown hay;
While through the halls of memory in happy notes there rings
All the life-joy of the past in the song my mother sings.

I have listened to the dreamy notes of Chopin and of Liszt,
As they dripp'd and droop'd about my heart and filled my eyes with mist;
I have wept strong tears of pathos 'neath the spell of Verdi's power,
As I heard the tenor voice of grief from out the donjon tower;
And Gounod's oratorios are full of notes sublime
That stir the heart with rapture thro' the sacred pulse of time;

But all the music of the past and the wealth that
memory brings
Seem as nothing when I listen to the song my mother
sings.

It's a song of love and triumph, it's a song of toil and
care;
It is filled with chords of pathos and it's set in notes
of prayer;
It is bright with dreams and visions of the days that
are to be,
And as strong in faith's devotion as the heart-beat of
the sea;
It is linked in mystic measure to sweet voices from
above,
And is starr'd with ripest blessing thro' a mother's
sacred love;
Oh, sweet and strong and tender are the memories
that it brings,
As I list in joy and rapture to the song my mother
sings.

LOVE'S TRYSTING-PLACE.

LOVE met me at the hill-top
With glad and winsome smile,
And held my fickle heart enchain'd—
O just a little while!

Love met me in the orchard
'Neath a blossom-laden tree,
And storm'd my heart with longings—
I once again was free.

Love met me where the cypress
Is bow'd with Sorrow's tears;
I kneel in homage at this shrine
Thro' all the rip'ning years.

FACE TO FACE.

THE years have ripened since that day,
And Time has garnered every leaf;
The sun strikes yet aslant the door
Its mingled beams of joy and grief;
The orchard tree whose kindly arms
Bent over you, while full of care,
Still flings its boughs athwart the path
Where oft you told your beads of prayer.

Face to face, your soul and mine
Drank in the joy a mother gives,
Born of the highest, holiest love
That stirs all life—in Heaven lives.
Face to face, our spirits, then,
Found rapture in the lowliest thing;
Our dreams were twined, our life was one,
We touched Heaven's shores on ardent wing.

Face to face, God's faith abides
And links your soul in Heaven to mine;
Life's tabernacle holds our love,
Sacred and sweet as chaliced wine;
Nor shadow drear, nor earth's dark pain,
Can dim love set in Heaven's grace,
Till, in the splendor of God's noon,
Our ripening love stands face to face.

TOKENS.

YOU ask for a token of love, my friend,—
A voice from the tent of my heart;
Ah well may you ask this gift, my friend,
In the morning of life, ere we part.

Who knows where the noonday sun may find
The forms that we loved once dear?
For the brightest life hath cold, cold storms,
And below each glad joy is a tear.

The mother who sits by her cradle prize
Hath token of fondest love;
Yet the angels are weaving its fate, mayhap,—
A bright, bright token above.

What blossom so bright in the garden of life
That wintry frost may not sear?
What token from heaven so full of hope
Not woven with joy and fear?

You ask for a token of love, my friend,—
A beam from the fire of my heart;
Ah! well may you ask this gift, my friend,
In the morning of life, ere we part.

POEMS OF THE SETTLEMENT.

THE DANCE AT McDOUGALL'S.

IN a little log house near the rim of the forest
With its windows of sunlight, its threshold of stone,
Lived Donald McDougall, the quaintest of Scotchmen,
And Janet his wife, in their shanty, alone:
By day the birds sang them a chorus of welcome,
At night they saw Scotland again in their dreams;
They toiled full of hope 'mid the sunshine of friendship,
Their hearts leaping onward like troutlets in streams,
In the little log home of McDougall's.

At evening the boys and the girls would all gather
To dance and to court 'neath McDougall's rooftree;
They were wild as the tide that rushes up Solway
When lashed by the tempests that sweep the dark sea:
There Malcolm and Flora and Angus and Katie
With laughter-timed paces came tripping along,
And Pat, whose gay heart had been nursed in Old Erin,
Would link each Scotch reel with a good Irish song,
Down at the dance at McDougall's.

For the night was as day at McDougall's log shanty,
The blaze on the hearth shed its halo around,
While the feet that tripp'd lightly the reel "Tullagorum,"
Patter'd each measure with "ooch!" and with bound;
No "Lancers" nor "Jerseys" were danced at McDougall's,
Nor the latest waltz-step found a place on the floor,
But reels and strathspeys and the liveliest of hornpipes
Shook the room to its centre from fire-place to door,
In the little log house of McDougall's.

Gone now is the light in McDougall's log shanty,
The blaze on the hearth long has sunk into gloom,
And Donald and Janet who dreamed of "Auld Scotia"
Are dreaming of Heaven in the dust of the tomb:
While the boys and the girls—the "balachs" and "calahs"—
Who toiled during day and danced through the night,
Live again in bright dreams of Memory's morning
When their hearts beat to music of life, love and light,
Down at the dance at McDougall's.

AN IDYL OF THE FARM.

THERE'S joy in every sphere of life from cottage unto throne,
But the sweetest smiles of nature beam upon the farm alone;
And in memory I go back to the days of long ago,
When the teamster shouted "Haw, Buck!" "Gee!" "G'lang!" and "Whoa!"

I see out in the logging-field the heroes of our land,
With their strong and sturdy faces, each with handspike in his hand;
With shoulders strong as Hercules, they feared no giant foe,
As the teamster shouted "Haw, Buck!" "Gee!" "G'lang!" and "Whoa!"

The logging-bees are over, and the woodlands all are cleared,
The face that then was young and fair is silver'd o'er with beard;
The handspike now holds not the place it did long years ago,
When the teamster shouted "Haw, Buck!" "Gee!" "G'lang!" and "Whoa!"

On meadow land and orchard field there rests a glory 'round,
Sweet as the memory of the dead that haunts some holy ground;
And yet there's wanting to my heart some joy of long ago,
When the teamster shouted "Haw, Buck!" "Gee!" "G'lang!" and "Whoa!"

Demosthenes had silvery tongue, and Cicero knew Greek,
The Gracchi brothers loved old Rome and always helped the weak;
But there's not a Grecian hero, nor Roman high or low,
Whose heart spake braver patriot words than "Gee!" "G'lang!" and "Whoa!"

They wore no coat of armor, the boys in twilight days—
They sang no classic music, but the old "Come all ye" lays;
For armed with axe and handspike, each giant tree their foe,
They rallied to the battle-cry of "Gee!" "G'lang!" and "Whoa!"

And so they smote the forest down, and rolled the logs in heaps,
And brought our country to the front in mighty strides and leaps,
And left upon the altar of each home wherein you go,
Some fragrance of the flowers that bloom through "Gee!" "G'lang!" and "Whoa!"

THE OLD PIONEER.

HAVE you ever met the old man
Coming down the lane?
His form, tho' bent with toil and care,
Is free from every pain:
They sometimes call him "Guv'ner,"
And sometimes call him "Dad" —
The boys and girls whose merry ways
Oft made the hearthstone glad.

He moved into the "settlement"
'Way back in fifty-three,
Before a man had come there,
Or cut a single tree—
The only neighbors that he had
Were wolves and prowling bears,
That in his stock of calves and lambs
Full willingly took shares.

But the lonely hours soon pass'd away
While nature sang her hymn;
The robin piped his cheery notes,
And hopped from limb to limb;
The shanty smiled in broad, full day,
The clearance opened wide,
And the farm that once was but a field
Now stretched from side to side.

And so the "settlement" grew up
  In loving toil and care,
Starr'd with bright deeds of kindness
  As generous as the air;
For hearts and hands were then but one,
  As generous and as free
As the gift of morn's bright flood of light
  Or shade of maple tree.

And here is where the strength lies
  In this our happy land,
'Twas builded by the grace of toil,
  By strong and patriot hand;
And if a foe should e'er beset,
  Or 'proach our altars near,
We'll charge with all the spirit
  Of the old pioneer.

Then God bless the old man
  Coming down the lane!
His form, tho' bent with toil and care,
  Is free from every pain;
He looks across his acres
  With their glory and their gain,
While his heart hath dreams of heaven
  As he comes down the lane.

A DIRGE OF THE SETTLEMENT.

THE wind sweeps through the forest aisles,
In requiem notes of grief and woe,
For the great strong heart of the pioneer
Hushed in death, as an oak laid low:
Chanting a dirge at every door—
Dirge for the Oak the Storm-King tore:
"Here at rest is our pioneer
In his little log cabin beside the rill—
The stream flowing on though his heart be still;
Here at rest is our pioneer,
Wake not his slumber with sorrow's tear!"

Where shall we bury this good, great man
Who toiled in the heart of the forest wild?
Out in the field that is writ with his name,
Lay him down as a dream-tired child:
"Here shall we bury our pioneer
In his little clay cabin beside the rill—
The stream flowing on though his heart be still;
Here shall we bury our pioneer,
Break not his rest with sorrow's tear!"

What would ye build to his narrow fame
That knew not glory, nor gift, nor gain?
His life touched God in a simple way—
This be his column on Judgment Day:
"Till then shall slumber our pioneer
In his little clay cabin beside the rill —
The stream flowing on though his heart be still:
Till then shall slumber our pioneer,
Break not his rest with sorrow's tear!"

THE OLD LOG-COTTAGE SCHOOL.

THE old log-cottage school-house, John,
I think I see it yet,
Just but a step from two cross-roads
Where you and I oft met;
The same board fence encircles round;
The bell—well, we had none—
But how we guess'd the time, dear John,
By looking at the sun.

What anxious boys we went to school
To learn to read and write,
Fill'd with the loftiest notions then,
And futures just as bright;
How proud we sat upon the bench
And plum'd each word at will,
And smiling round—why, John, I think
We're in the old school still.

Just look! right there the blackboard is;
The teacher's desk in front;
On either side we stood in class
And read and "trapp'd" quite blunt:
But then those were the good old days,
Ere style had stalk'd abroad,
And neatly prudish pupils now
Would term our way "a fraud."

And then the games we used to play
  Upon the old school green,
How very little like, dear John,
  The games that now are seen;
When with a group on either side
  We hailed the ball with "Over!"
That, bounding down the old grey roof,
  In some one's hands did hover.

Well, well, time's changed, and with it, John,
  We've cross'd the path of youth,
And manfully bearing each his part
  Let's crown our lives in truth,
That when the silvery locks of age
  With death droop round in duel,
Our happiest thoughts may find a theme
  In the old log cottage school!

THE FRECKLED BOY AT SCHOOL.

I REMEMBER well a freckled boy
Who used to go to school;
He wore a suit of corduroy,
And always broke the rule;
And whenever there was fighting
Upon the old school green,
The freckled boy was in it—
Fact, monopolized the scene.

The teacher "licked" him every day,
And sometimes twice and thrice,
And on special swell occasions
He'd get an extra slice;
But in spite of all this drubbing,
And his penitential life,
The freckled boy would fight again—
Just thirst for new-born strife.

I remember well the old seat
He sat upon in school,
'Twas chipp'd and marr'd with pocket knives—
Which was against the rule:
His freckled face shines out there yet
In wickedness and glee,
As it did in boyhood's morning
'Way back in seventy-three

And then the game of marbles
  Upon the old school ground—
If there was cheating to be done,
  The freckled boy was round;
And if amid the stake at play
  An alley rare was in it,
You could bet your dinner-basket
  That the freckled boy would win it.

The teacher called him Edward,
  But the boys all called him "Ed";
He sleeps now in "God's acre"
  With the slab above his head,
Where the flowerets bud and blossom
  'Neath the sky's vast chastely dome,
Where the games of life are over
  And the freckled boy at home.

THE OLD BRINDLE COW.

OF all old memories that cluster round my heart,
With their root in my boyhood days,
The quaintest is linked to the old brindle cow
With sly and mysterious ways.
She'd linger round the lot near the old potato patch,
A sentinel by night and by day,
Watching for the hour when all eyes were asleep,
To start on her predatory way.

The old brush fence she would scorn in her course,
With turnips and cabbage just beyond,
And corn that was blooming through the halo of the night—
What a banquet so choice and so fond!
But when the stars of morn were paling in the sky
The old brindle cow would take the cue,
And dressing up her line she'd retreat beyond the fence,
For the old cow knew just what to do.

What breed did you say? Why the very best blood
That could flow in a democratic cow;
No herd-book could tell of the glory in her horns
Or whence came her pedigree or how:
She was Jersey in her milk and Durham in her build,
And Ayrshire when she happened in a row,
But when it came to storming the old "slash" fence
She was simply the old brindle cow.

It seems but a day since I drove her to the gate
To yield up her rich and creamy prize;
For her theft at midnight hour she would yield a double dower,
With peace of conscience lurking in her eyes.
But she's gone—disappear'd with the ripen'd years of time,
Whose memories my heart enthrall e'en now;
And I never hear a bell tinkling thro' the forest dell
But I think of that old brindle cow.

A LULLABY OF THE SETTLEMENT.

FLOWER of the forest, nursling of dawn,
Sweet be thy slumber in cradle of light,
Rock'd by the song of the robin on tree-top,
Hush'd by the lullaby voice of the night;
Nature, thy mother, is kneeling beside thee,
Filling thy dreams with the gift of her charm:
Sleep in thy downy nest, sweet be thy cradle-rest,
sleep.

Flower of the "settlement," blossom of twilight,
Cradl'd and croon'd on the breast of the farm,
Pillow'd by Love, whose strong arms enwind thee,
Curtain'd by Faith that shields thee from harm;
Sentinel stars keep their watch o'er thy slumber,
Sunbeams of joy fill thy chalice of morn:
Sleep in thy downy nest, sweet be thy cradle-rest,
sleep.

RELIGIOUS POEMS.

THE CHRIST-CHILD.

ACROSS the waste, across the snow,
O the pity! O the pity!
Past sentinel of friend and foe
O the pity! O the pity!
Comes the Christ-Child clad in white
Through the storm-clouds of the night.
Bearing in His lily hands
Gift of peace to warring lands,
O the pity! O the pity!

"*Adeste fideles!*" sing the choirs
O the pity! O the pity!
Lurid flame the battle fires
O the pity! O the pity!
Shepherds hear the heavenly song,
Mid the strife and piteous wrong;
Peace on earth but not of men,
Peace that knows not crime nor sin,
O the pity! O the pity!

Lay your sceptres at His feet,
O the pity! O the pity!
Christ, the Babe of Bethlehem, greet,
O the pity! O the pity!
Legions stretched in battle line,
Saw the star and knew the sign,
Yet forgot that Christ was born
Prince of Peace, on Christmas morn,
O the pity! O the pity!

Christmas, 1914.

RESURREXIT SICUT DIXIT.

GOD'S angel rolled the stone away,
The sepulchre stood bare;
The lily of bright Easter morn
Drooped as in silent prayer;
And lo! from out the heavens there spake
A voice of faith and love,
"He is not here," the angel said,
"Our Lord now dwells above."

God's angel rolled the stone away
On that first Easter morn,
That we might rise from sin and shame,
In Christ again be born.
This is the Easter of the soul
Whose victory crowns the tomb—
That blossoms thro' the star-sown night,
And lights the darkest gloom.

A CHRISTMAS CHANT.

RING in the memories of olden days,
And the joys of bright Christmas tide,
A wreath of song for the hearts that live,
A prayer for the souls who died.
Ring in the love of a mother's heart,
The faith of a father's tear—
These bind the links of sweet Christmas tide,
A golden chain for the year.
O hearts that love,
Ye feel the cheer;
The wreath of song
But hides a tear.

Around the hearth we miss each friend,
Around our joys fond memories blend;
The broken strings—ah, who will place?
Life's tuneful lyre recalls each face:
The old—the young—the loved ones dear—
Bloom in our heart thro' memory's tear.
Ring in the starry songs of heaven,
The flame-lit hours of happy home;
Across the sky in distant dreamland,
Sweet voices fill the starry dome.

The heart of June is filled with throbbings,
Hark to the laughter of sweet May;
Around the fire bright months of roses
Clasp hands and welcome Christmas day.
O hearts that sing,
And know not sorrow,
Ye dream of hopes
That light tomorrow.

Come, let us welcome at the door,
The friends our hearts have known of yore;
Give to our boards good Christmas cheer,
And crown with flowers the closing year;
Sing 'round the merry, merry song,
The wine of life—in deeds prolong.

This morn—O Faith, and Hope, and Love!
The rainbow seal in heaven above;
The stars chant forth a glorious hymn,
The New-Born dwells in Bethlehem;
The hills rejoice, the seas proclaim
The glory of a Saviour's name.
Gloria in Excelsis Deo
Rings the heavenly song,
Gloria in Excelsis Deo
Chants the heavenly throng.
Gloria in Excelsis Deo,
From the starry sky,
Gloria in Excelsis Deo
Peals the hymn on high.

This morn—O sinless souls of grace,
Kneel at the crib in lowly place;
Before the altar of the heart
Let incense pure in prayer depart.
O peace on earth! O peace from heaven!
Sweet flower of peace at Bethlehem given.
Gloria in Excelsis Deo
Sings the Angels' Choir,
Gloria in Excelsis Deo,
Strikes the heavenly lyre.
Gloria in Excelsis Deo
Hark the notes afar
Pax sit bonae voluntatis
Bethlehem's heavenly star!

AT THE TOMB.

KNEEL Christian soul in silent prayer,
Where flowers of faith bloom thro' the night:
Springing from our dead selves subdued
They crown the soul with life and light:

Here at the Tomb with Mary nigh,
A mother's love sustains our prayer;
We take our cross and climb the Heights
Nor feel its weight of toil and care.

BETHLEHEM.

FAR in the East our hearts this morn,
'Neath roseate skies of faith and love,
Kneel 'round the manger of our Lord,
Where reigns the King of heaven above.
Venite Adoremus!

And shepherds watching thro' the night
Hear greetings from angelic choir:
"Gloria in Excelsis Deo!"
Ring the notes of heavenly lyre.
Venite Adoremus!

We bring the frankincense of prayer—
The faith of souls set free from sin,
The spices of sweet charity—
A perfumed gift from heaven to men.
Venite Adoremus!

At Bethlehems' shrine of Christian hope.—
An altar bright, with love and light,—
We kneel and bathe our souls in prayer,
While shines the cross on Calvary's height.
Venite Adoremus!

A SONG OF THE STARS.

DOWN thro' the blue-clad fields of heaven
Singeth each star from its glittering throne,
A song of love and triumph—alone:
A song that the angels choir'd in the morn
When Christ the Babe in Bethlehem was born.

How old, how young this song of the stars,
Voicing the ages at noontide and night;
Bearing to man a message of light;
Trumpet of heaven and cymbal of sea,
Voice that was heard over dark Galilee.

Hark to that message of peace from the stars
Ringing athwart the hut-covered plain!
Shepherds have paused to list to the strain.
Far in the East God's love lights the morn—
Beams from the glories that Bethlehem adorn.

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

THE Christ-Child in the manger lay—
The inns were full that night;
And o'er Judea's distant plains,
There streamed a wondrous light;
The shepherd 'mid his white-fleeced flock
Gazed wistfully from afar,
And voices strange, angelic, sweet,
Smote hearth and hill and star.

The Christ-Child in the manger lay—
A Royal Throne of grace;
And Mary, Lily Maid of God,
Found glory in His face;
For a King was born in Bethlehem—
In Bethlehem of Judea,
Whose scepter'd power of love and grace
Should reach from sea to sea.

AVE MARIA OF THE BATTLEFIELD.

AVE Maria! O Mother of God
The long line of battle now stretches afar;
Shield and protect thy children from danger,
'Mid the raining of shells and the tempest of war,
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! O Mother of Nazareth
List to the soldier who kneels at thy shrine;
In pity protect him, his mother is waiting
To welcome him back from the dark battle line,
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! O Mother of Sorrow
Pity the wounded that bleed by the way;
Rock'd by the cannon and torn by the shrapnel
Bear their strong souls to the light of God's Day,
Ave Maria!

CHRISTMAS MORN.

A LITTLE Child its portals oped
When all was dark with sin and shame,
And Faith's eclipse found heavenly light
Within life's ark when Christmas came.

The star that burned o'er centuries' brow,
A radiant lamp of Hope alone,
Now sheds its beams above the crib
Wherein Christ chose His humble throne.

IRISH PATRIOTIC POEMS.

ERIN MACHREE.

HOW dear to my heart is the Emerald Isle,
With its wealth of past glory—its tear and its smile!
Its sorrow-clad centuries—starry-crown'd slope,
Now dark with grief's cloudlets—now bright'ning with hope;
How oft in my day-dreams I've felt the strange spells
That bind me to Erin—its vales and its dells;
How oft has my heart gone beyond the deep sea
To greet thee, *Mavourneen*, dear Erin *Machree!*

I have lived in thy glory and breathed thy air,
I have knelt at thy shrines in the incense of prayer,
I have felt the warm pulse of thy patriot heart,
Now joyous at meeting, now grieving to part:
In all thou hast arch'd my young life with thy love,
As bright as the bow of God's promise above;
And wherever thy star may shine forth in the sky,
I pledge thee my faith and my love till I die.

'Tis strange that though cradl'd 'neath maple and pine
My soul should thirst strong for thy patriot wine;
In childhood I dreamt of thy ivy-crown'd tower,
And in fancy I've strayed by thy streamlet and bower—
And I've wandered afar from the place of my birth
To the land of my fathers—the fairest on earth—
And with heartfelt devotion I've wished thee as free
As the home of my birthplace, dear Erin *Machree!*

O, land of my fathers, my faith, and my God,
How I long for true freedom to kiss thy green sod!
Then my soul will sing clear as the lark in the sky,
And chant notes of thy glory that never will die;
For from East unto West in the warmest acclaim,
Will ring in bright numbers thy deeds and thy fame,
And the harp of thy freedom be heard o'er the sea
In the land of the Maple, dear Erin *Machree!*

IRELAND IN 1880.

HEARTS are failing, mothers wailing,
Hope is drooping in the land,
God of mercy! help dear Erin,
Stay the famine with Thy hand.
Clouds are gathering, darkly gathering,
Fast the tide of woe rolls on,
Help dear Erin, oh, ye people!
Till the wave of want is gone.

"Help us! help us! or we perish,"
Is the cry from o'er the deep,
And the billows of the ocean
Chant a lonely dirge and weep.
Help dear Erin! help dear Erin!
Sounds a tocsin from the dead,
Sounds the voice of armied martyrs
That a Nation's glory led.

They are dying! they are dying!
Sighs the breeze upon the stream,
They are dying, Erin's children—
Oh, my God! is this a dream?
In the midst of wealth and plenty,
Hunger knocking at the door,
Shrouds of pity, shrouds of mercy
Wrap the dead for evermore!

Cold the night and chill the morning,
Dies the fire upon the hearth,—
Dies the hope of Erin's children,
Faint each ember quench'd by dearth.
Woe is Erin! woe her people!
Famine darkens o'er the land;
Tears of sorrow bathe the nation;
Suffering Erin—faithful band!

They are dying! they are dying!
Sighs the harp across the deep,
They are dying! Erin's children
Chant the psalm of death in sleep.
Tears and sorrow—hope to-morrow—
Beads of woe in silence told —
God of Erin! God of mercy!
Take the dying to Thy fold!

They are dying! they are dying!
Oh affection! can it be,
That the homes of happy childhood
Sink beneath this woful sea?
They are dying! *De Profundis!*
Lay them gently 'neath the sod;
Miserere! faithful Erin
Live forever with thy God!

DERMOT ASTHORE.

DERMOT *asthore,* the room is growin' dim,
The light of my life is goin' out in the valley;
I see the green hills of my dear Irish home,
Thro' the grey mists that shroud the vale Cahirbally.

See, there is the road that we took to Listowel
The morning you wed me—O morning so tender!
All the sky was aglow with the joy that we knew
And the grass 'neath our feet full of emerald splendor.

Do you mind the May morning we went to Tralee,
When the birds sang a chorus to make our foot lighter;
And the sun warm'd with beams of a deep golden hue,
Till the world was a jewel growin' brighter and brighter.

And the music and dancin' and laughter and song
Sure the likes of it never was over the sea;
Do you mind the jig steps of old Murty Flynn—
Him that lived with his mother close by Boherbee?

'Tis fifty long years since we left the old sod—
Oh Dermot *asthore* how dim grows the light!
You mind the big ship that sailed from the shore
And the parting from friends—'tis surely dark night!

O wide was the sea and long was the voyage
But kindly the light of our exiling star;
O Dermot *asthore* now my death is at hand,
For my soul's in old Ireland afar afar!

MEN OF ERIN, GIRD FOR BATTLE.

MEN of Erin, gird for battle,
You have glorious work to do;
Stalwart patriots, men of Ireland,
Heroes steadfast, loyal and true;
Let no false star guide your footsteps,
Falter not at Freedom's call;
High your standard floats above you,
Plant it on the outer wall.

Men of Erin, gird for battle,
Not with sword in bloody strife,
But with justice as your armor,
Healing wounds and shielding life.
Strike the foe but not with rapier;
Bullets are but thoughts in lead;
Swords and sabres clash and clamor,
Have no message for the dead.

Men of Erin, gird for battle,
Follow straight where Duty leads;
Valor rests not in loud clamor,
Freedom's sword is starr'd with deeds.
Every rood of land calls to you,
Tongue'd with Wrong's deep, bitter wail;
Every memory of six centuries
Breaks in blood within your vale.

Men of Erin, gird for battle,
Sacred is your flag and cause:
Love of kindred—mercy—justice—
These are greater than all laws.
Heaven hath place for every hero
Clad in armor wrought in light,
Leading men from chains and serfdom
To the heights of Truth and Right.

Men of Erin, gird for battle,
Know you not the dead are near?
Leaders in the fight of centuries,
Leaders without fault or fear;
Fill the ranks and aye press forward,
Victory now doth point the way,
And the darkest clouds have vanished
As her sceptre lights the day!

THE CRY OF IRELAND.

WE are living in the valley where the light of Freedom rests not;
We are dreaming dreams that touch the hills with splendor and with gold;
God's finger points us onward to our place among the Nations,
But the alien breath that sweeps our vale is withering and cold.

We are children of a God Who divided the Red Sea,
Whose arm has crushed the mighty,
Whose fiat makes earth free;
We have knelt in faith for centuries,
Linked in prayer from sea to sea.

We are living in the valley with glorious heights above us;
We are watching for the flash of dawn athwart the mountain peak;
God's finger points us onward to our place among the Nations,
When the purple robe of Right shall wrap the shoulders of the Weak.

We are living in the valley, but our souls have other vision,
For before us, stretch'd in splendor are the kingdoms of the earth;
God's finger points us onward to our place among the Nations,
And we see the tapers burning on the altar of our birth.

We are living in the valley, but our banquet is of heaven—
The fatted calves of robbers have no place upon our board;
God's finger points us onward to our place among the Nations,
And the glory of our life is dimm'd by neither fire nor sword.

We are living in the valley—not alone, in isolation—
For our patriot souls hold kinship with the Just in every land;
God's finger points us onward to our place among the Nations,
And we march toward Freedom's height 'neath His pillar'd Light and Hand.

We are living in the valley—not alone, in isolation—
For the spirits of our mighty dead still whisper in our homes;
God's finger points us onward to our place among the Nations,
And the faith of centuries links as one our cabins and our domes.

We are living in the valley, but the heights are bright above us,
And the bugle's song of Freedom is borne upon the gale;
God's finger points us onward to our place among the Nations,
And the cheer of "Exiled Erin" fills with life each swelling sail.

We are living in the valley, but our God is dwelling with us,
And the splendor of His raiment clothes our land with light and love;
God's finger points us onward to our place among the Nations,
When our sceptre of long suffering finds its birthright from above.

We are children of a God Who divided the Red sea,
Whose arm has crushed the mighty,
Whose fiat makes earth free;
We have knelt in faith for centuries,
Linked in prayer from sea to sea.

THE ALTAR OF OUR RACE.

OUT of the mists of the centuries agone,
Daughter of Nations, Earth's white-robed Child,
Kneeling, in grief, with your face to the sea,
Telling your beads, with a sob so wild,
What was your dream thro' the years long flown,
Nestling close to the altar of God?
Was it to sit at the table of kings
Or build in faith from the lowly sod?

Scattered your exiles on every sea,
Still they are kneeling in fervor and prayer,
Dreaming the dream that they dreamt of old
'Neath a star-sown sky of a life of care:
For this is a gift that kings ne'er give;
It cometh in daytime, it cometh at night;
'Tis a gift of God to the Irish race,
Oh, hold it enshrined, this wondrous light!

A JUBILEE ODE 1887.

Modified by Irish Circumstances.

DEAR gracious Queen, we're loyal too,
And full of love and kindly part;
Our tears have trickled to the ground
When famine reigned in Erin's heart;
We know the age and watch its plans,
Its deeds of fame, its brilliant glory,—
And love you true—as England's Queen;
But not in Erin's tear-clad story.

On every field where valor led
Our swords have leapt, our hearts have panted,
To smite the foe with deadly blow,
To rout the foe with hearts undaunted;
On Afric's coast, through burning sands,
The Arab flew in wild commotion,
Nor dared to meet the waves so wild
That heaved 'round Ireland's brave devotion.

Dear gracious Queen, we're loyal too—
And faithful to the land that bore us—
Thro' weal and woe, thro' smiles and tears
Our hearts have sung an Irish chorus:
Across the years that bind your reign
We catch a glimpse of Englands glory,
And love you true—as England's Queen,
But not thro' Erin's tear-clad story.

The arts have flourished in your reign—
What are so dear as Irish freedom?
Than wealth of Ind a little love
Will better cheer our hearts and lead them;
In every land we built a cairn
With pebbles stained with heart-bled sorrow,
That you, our Queen, we hail today—
And hail not Ireland's peace to-morrow!

Dear gracious Queen, we're loyal too—
But not to power that strikes our kinsmen;
For justice loves a kindly deed
And through the heart she always wins men:
Look to the land of ivied tower —
Of ruined castle old and hoary,
And say, great Queen of Britain's realm,
Have you a pride in Ireland's story?

O, mighty voices of the past,
Long hushed in death in Ireland's pleading,—
O'Connell, Davis, Mitchell, Butt,
Join hearts with those who now are leading!
And tell us what have fifty years
Brought to a land 'neath cruel oppression?
From every mound and patriot grave
Come forth one great heav'n-swept procession!

Dear, gracious Queen, we're loyal too—
In cabin, cot, and stately mansion,
And love you true—as England's Queen—
Your wealth of power and cash expansion;
But blame us not if in our cot
We mourn because the crowbar stings us,
And crying for bread you reach a stone—
The gift each tyrant landlord brings us.

Dear, gracious Queen, we're loyal too—
And faithful to the land that bore us;
Though darkest hour beset our way
Our hearts will sing an Irish chorus;
For tenfold fifty years have we
Knelt at the shrine of Ireland's glory—
We love you true—as England's Queen
But not thro' Erin's tear-clad story!

GROSSE ISLE.

"Not less than fifteen thousand of the children of Erin, flying from famine and landlord tyranny, and stricken by fever, lie buried in Grosse Isle."

FAR from their own belovèd Isle
Those Irish exiles sleep,
And dream not of historic past,
Nor o'er its memories weep;
Down where the blue St. Lawrence tide
Sweeps onward wave on wave,
They lie—old Ireland's exiled dead
In cross-crowned lonely grave.

Sleep on, O hearts of Erin,
From earthly travail free!
Our freighted souls still greet you
Beyond life's troubl'd sea;
In every Irish heart and home,
Where prayer and love abound,
Is built an altar to your faith—
A cross above each mound.

No more the patriot's words will cheer
Your humble toil and care—
No more your Irish hearts will tell
The beads of evening prayer;
The mirth that scoffed at direst want
Lies buried in your grave,
Down where the blue St. Lawrence tide
Sweeps onward wave on wave.

O toilers in the harvest field,
Who gather golden grain!
O pilgrims by the wayside,
Who succor grief and pain!
And ye who know that liberty
Oft wields a shining blade,
Pour forth your souls in requiem prayer
Where Irish hearts are laid!

Far from their own belovèd land
Those Irish exiles sleep,
Where dream not faith-crowned shamrock,
Nor ivies o'er them creep:
But fragrant breath of maple
Sweeps on with freedom's tide
And consecrates the lonely isle
Where Irish exiles died!

A DREAM OF ERIN.

I DREAMT a dream 'twas Ireland seen
In distant years beyond,
Enthron'd and crown'd a beauteous gem,
Earth's idol cherish'd fond—
And nations pass'd before her,
And courtiers grac'd her halls,
And the song of Mirth and Freedom
Prov'd her battlement and walls.

The wounds and scars of olden days
Had left her maiden brow,
And manly hearts stood by her side,
And swords spoke of a vow—
That Ireland, dear old Ireland,
Should forever more be free,
And her patriot sons in union
Drive the Saxon o'er the sea.

I saw the Shannon pour along,
In joyous accents clear,
Its tide of music sweet and strong—
Each wave was filled with cheer;
And hast'ning on in proud acclaim
Swept Barrow, Suir and Lee:
For a Nation's heart was throbbing
In each wavelet to the sea.

O land of woe and sorrow;
When shall come this vision bright?
When shall beam a glad tomorrow?
When shall fade thy starless night?
I have watched and waited for thee,
I have hoped for thee in fear,
I have caught thy ray of sunshine
Thro' the ocean of a tear!

A MESSAGE TO ERIN.

WE send thee a message, dear land of our fathers,
We send thee a message, across the blue sea,
From hearts that grow strong, 'neath the pine and the maple,
We greet the, *Mavourneen*, dear Erin *Machree:*
From the lowliest cot and the stateliest mansion,
A blessing we waft to thy fame-storied shore;
In the sunshine of faith and a patriot's devotion,
We wing our heart's message to each Irish door.

Through the long hours of night and the heat of the noontide,
We pray, and we dream, and we watch for thy sun—
We watch for thy glory, through rifts in the cloudlets,
To ring out our joy when thy battle is won;
For ours is no love that grows cold thro' tomorrow,
Ours is no hope to be quench'd in a day,—
We are pledged to thy cause should long centuries await us,
To light thy green banner with Victory's ray.

We have watched the brave deeds of thy patriot children,
Whose hearts beat so long against Tyranny's chain;
In field and on scaffold, in life and in prison,
They suffered and died for thy glory and gain:
Then Erin *Mavourneen*, we send the this blessing,
A token of love from thy exiles afar;
God grant it may shine from the sky of thy future
With the halo and splendor of Freedom's bright star.

RECONCILED.

I SAW two nations clasping hands
Whose hearts had been estranged for years;
The sun of peace upon each brow
Dispell'd the darksome mist of tears.
Behind were centuries robed in night;
Before the glorious dawn of day;
While every peak on Freedom's height
Flashed back the light of heavenly ray.

O sister Isle! O Nation great!
This day a victory hath been won
Far greater than the fame that speaks
Through trumpet's tongue or lip of gun;
This day Peace weaves a garland bright
And heals the bitter wound of time,
Turning the sword with cruel edge
Into a harp of golden prime.

December 6th, 1921.

POEMS OF HEROIC DAYS.

I TAKE OFF MY HAT TO ALBERT.

ALBERT, King of Belgium, is the hero of the hour:
He's the greatest king in Europe, he's a royal arch and tower;
He is bigger in the trenches than the Kaiser on his Throne,
And the whole world loves him for the sorrows he has known:
So I take off my hat to Albert.

Defiance was his answer to the Teuton at his gate,
Then he buckled on his armor and pledged his soul to fate;
He stood between his people and the biggest Essen gun,
For he feared not shot nor shrapnel as his little army won:
So I take off my hat to Albert.

King of Belgium, Duke of Brabant, Count of Flanders, all in one;
Little Kingdom of the Belgae starr'd with honor in the sun!
You have won a place in history, of your deeds the world will sing,
But the glory of your nation is your dust-stained, fearless King:
So I take off my hat to Albert.

IN THE TRENCHES.

ALL day the guns belched fire and death
And filled the hours with gloom;
The fateful music smote the sky
In tremulous bars of doom;
But as the evening stars came forth
A truce to death and strife,
There rose from hearts of patriot love
A tender song of life.

A song of home and fireside
Swelled on the evening air,
And men forgot their battle line,
Its carnage and dark care;
The soldier dropp'd his rifle
And joined the choral song,
As high above the tide of war
It swept and pulsed along.

That night while sleeping where the stars
Look down upon the Meuse,
Where Teuton valor coped with Frank,
Where rained most deadly dews,
A soldier youth in khaki clad,
Rock'd where the Maples grow,
Smiled in his dream and saw again
The blue St. Lawrence flow.

MOTHERS

THROUGH the vigils deep of the sable night
A mother sits in grief alone,
For her sons have gone to the battle front
And left on the hearth a crushing stone;
Beyond the stars that burn at night
She sees God's arm in pity reach;
It counsels patience, love and faith,
Heroic hearts and souls to teach.

The blue is spann'd and the tide goes out,
And the stars rain down a kindlier cheer;
And the mother turns from this throne of grief
To pierce the years with a joyous tear;
For duty born of a mother's heart
Fills all the rounds of our common day—
Yea, sheds its joy in the darkest night,
And fills with light each hidden way.

LOUVAIN.

A SHRINE, where saints and scholars met
And held aloft the torch of truth,
Lies smouldering 'neath fair Brabant's skies,
A ruined heap—war's prize in sooth!
The Pilates of Teutonic blood
That fired the brand and flung the bomb
Now wash their hands of evil deed,
While all the world stands ghast and dumb.

Is this your culture, sons of Kant,
And ye who kneel 'round Goethe's throne?
To carry in your knapsacks death?
To feel for man nor ruth nor moan?
What 'vails it now your mighty guns
If God be mightier in the sky?
What 'vail your cities, walls and towers
If half your progress be a lie?

The smoking altars, ruined arch
Of ancient church and Gothic fane
Have felt the death stings of your shells,
And speak in pity thro' Louvain.
Wheel back your guns, your howitzers melt,
Forget your "World-Power's" cursed plan
And sign in peace and not in blood
Dread Sinai's pact 'twixt God and Man.

LANGEMARCK.

A GLORY lights the skies of Flanders
Where the blood-stained fields lie bare,
Where the clouds of war have gathered,
Built their parapets in the air;
Halted stands the Teuton army,
Checked its onslaught at a sign;
Forward roll the warlike forces,
Sons of Canada in line.

Let them taste of Northern courage
Where the lordly maple grows;
Let them face the heroes nurtured
Where the stars have wed the snows;
We are sons of sires undaunted,
Children of the hills and plains;
Ours a courage born of duty,
Pluck and dash of many strains.

Tell it to our children's children
How Canadians saved the day;
Write it with the pen of history,
Sing it as a fireside lay;
How at Langemarck in Flanders,
Though the odds were eight to one,
Our Canadians stood unbroken,
Sword to sword, and gun to gun.

THE BUGLE CALL.

DO you hear the call of our Mother,
From over the sea, from over the sea?
The call to her children, in every land;
To her sons on Afric's far-stretch'd veldt;
To her dark-skinned children on India's shore,
Whose souls are nourish'd on Aryan lore;
To her sons of the Northland where frosty stars
Glitter and shine like a helmet of Mars;
Do you hear the call of our Mother?

Do you hear the call of our Mother
From over the sea, from over the sea?
The call to Australia's legions strong,
That move with the might and stealth of a wave;
To the men of the camp and men of the field,
Whose courage has taught them never to yield;
To the men whose counsel has saved the State,
And thwarted the plans of impending fate;
Do you hear the call of our Mother?

Do you hear the call of our Mother
From over the sea, from over the sea?
To the little cot on the wind-swept hill;
To the lordly hall in the city street;
To her sons who toil in the forest deep
Or bind the sheaves where the reapers reap;
To her children scattered far East and West;
To her sons who joy in her Freedom Blest;
Do you hear the call of our Mother?

THE CHRISM OF KINGS

IN the morn of the world, at the daybreak of time,
When Kingdoms were few and Empires unknown
God searched for a Ruler to sceptre the land,
And gather the harvest from the seed He had sown.
He found a young shepherd-boy watching his flock
Where the mountains looked down on deep meadows of green;
He hailed the young shepherd-boy king of the land
And anointed his brow with a Chrism unseen.

He placed in his frail hands the sceptre of power,
And taught his young heart all the wisdom of love;
He gave him the vision of prophet and priest,
And dowered him with counsel and light from above.
But alas! came a day when the shepherd forgot
And heaped on his realm all the woes that war brings,
And bartering his purple for the greed of his heart
He lost both the sceptre and Chrism of Kings.

SONG OF THE ZEPPELIN

I CLEAVE the air through the murky night,
High o'er the forests and sleeping towns;
Below me drifts the shimmering light—
A glorious fresco on vale and downs;
My sea hath no billows nor rocky shores,
And only the winds disturb my soul;
I care not for those who slumber in death,
For my bomb is bloody and death my goal—
And all for the Vaterland!

Where the currents cross and the cruisers speed
I sail towards the North in a piteous sky;
I hear the night wind's surging note
As it mingles its requiem with the widow's cry.
Above me there streams a light from heaven,
But I bow my head and veil my eyes
As I plough the air with my fateful keel
And sow the highways with tears and sighs—
And all for the Vaterland!

And hate is the banner I unfurl so wide
That its blood-dripp'd folds may catch the breeze;
That e'en from the balcony of heaven on high
May be seen this banner on all the seas.
No triumph of arms is my flight by night,
It is only a part of a murderous raid:
Dropping a bomb on an innocent child
Or a crowing babe in its cradle laid—
And all for the Vaterland!

GATHER THE HARVEST.

GATHER the harvest though reaped in death,
Under the pale, pale moon;
For the lilies that joyed in the breath of morn
Shall know not the ardor of noon:
So, the souls that grow strong, in patriot love,
Shall be garnered on Death's dark field,
Ere the noontide rays have touched the vale
And burnished with gold life's shield.

Gather the harvest though reaped in death,
Where the sword has struck for Right,
And cleft a way for Freedom's path,
Through the dark and tremulous night:
For the golden grain on the altar flames
And lights each pilgrim throng,
As they meet in joy 'round that altar bright
Where Justice shall right each wrong.

GOD'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

WHAT shall the coming year bring forth,
O Lord, who rulest the land?
For the navies of the sea and air
Are but stubble in Thy hand.
The battalions in the field go forth;
They arm in mighty line;
Do they kneel to know Thy holy will?
Have they asked from Thee a sign?

The Kings invoke Thy holy name,
In their carnage and their strife;
But the purple gift it was Thine to give
Recks not of pity nor life:
For they're drunk with the wine of lustful power,
And seared with the sins of earth;
And their prayers and preachments now mock Thy name,
And make of Thy laws but mirth.

New Year's Day, 1915.

AT VIMY RIDGE

OUT of the heart of the North they came,
Full of the ardor of plain and sky,
The boys of the Maple, in khaki clad,
Ready to do and ready to die:
Theirs was a courage of freedom born,
Crimson'd with faith of an ancient day;
Like tigers they stood on that April morn,
Ready to spring at their hostile prey,
At Vimy Ridge.
Easter had shed its halo of light
Where the village spires were dreaming of prayer,
And the faith that had lifted each soul from the sod
Blossom'd anew in the morning air:
Across the sky a serpent of fire
Lifted its head, with a hiss and roar,
And, sweeping the Ridge from trench to trench,
It lifted, and poised, and dropp'd and tore,
At Vimy Ridge.

The boys of the Maple pressed on and on,
Through mud and shell-holes, 'mid smoke and din;
Trench by trench was emptied of Boches,
For steel is sure in the end to win.
Then honor the heroes who won that day
A fame that shall live with the burning stars;
Whose courage and faith were born of heaven,
As they knelt in duty at the altar of Mars,
At Vimy Ridge.

ELEGIES

A WARRIOR OF THE CROSS.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP LANGEVIN

TOLL! toll the Bells of St. Boniface,
A Prelate of God has gone to his rest;
Darkness has compass'd the course of the *voyageur,*
For a light has gone out from the skies of the West.
Toll! toll! the Bells of St. Boniface,
The Red River swells with a requiem plaint;
The children kneel in deep invocation
As they pray for the soul of the Warrior and Saint.

Toll! toll! the Bells of St. Boniface,
Deep is the mystery that shadows the grave;
Deep is the sorrow that sweeps o'er the prairie
But deepest of all is God's mercy to save.
Toll! toll! the Bells of St. Boniface,
His was a sword of righteous truth—
Courage and faith and pity commingled,
Like to his Master in mercy and ruth.

Toll! toll! the Bells of St. Boniface,
Here was a Leader we ne'er more shall meet;
A Knight on the parapet fearless of danger;
Here was a Captain who ne'er would retreat.
Toll! toll! the Bells of St. Boniface,
Deep in our hearts stirs their sorrowing care;
Past are the battles, the strife and the clamor,
Now our souls seek but the victory of prayer.

"BOBS" OF KANDAHAR.

WHO is he that cometh to join our mighty dead?
Is it "Bobs" of Kandahar the Empire's armies led?
Give him place, O Nation great! within your storied walls;
Within our heart his name shall rest, his ashes in St. Paul's.
Soldier of the Empire, "Bobs" of Kandahar!
Lay him near the hero of glorious Trafalgar!
Death has ta'en the shining sword he aye in duty drew;
Lay him near the Iron Duke of fateful Waterloo!

Soldier of the Empire, well thy work was done,
Fit thy sun had setting within sound and roar of gun;
Thy soul had vision of the years fraught with danger's woe,
And counsell'd armèd wisdom against a subtle foe;
Now thy task has ended, the splendor of thy sun,
Sheds its setting glory on the greater life begun:
From where the Maple stands in pride to India's torrid star,
Now, mourn an Empire's people for "Bobs" of Kandahar!

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. ALBERT RINEHART O. P.

HEART of gold astirr'd with fire,
Tender as the soul of lyre,
White-robed friend of many years!
Thou hast passed beyond our ken,
Left us toiling among men,
With their hopes and joys and tears.

But the torch that lit thy way,
Turned the sable night to day,
Still is burning as God's wand:
We shall grope and watch that light
Plucking darkness from the night,
Till we touch thy kindly hand.

A KNIGHT OF GOD.

J. H. Tischart.

GOD'S finger touched thee
While yet thy years were young;
Thy ripened fruit of faith
On Life's tree hung.

In vigils watched thy heart
Thro' toil of every day;
A Knight of God supreme
Thou led'st the way.

Faith simple and secure
Thy torch and goal;
Beloved thy memory dear;
Peace to thy soul!

THE BURIAL OF A POET.

C. J. O'Malley.

OUT of the heart of the roaring city
Dark and rude with its moiling gain,
They bore the Dreamer who plann'd and fashion'd
The white-winged Hopes of a teeming brain;
Spring was stirring with pulse and wonder
The heart of Nature in forest and mead,
Linking the Hope that blossoms in heaven
To the Builders of Morn, in the tiniest seed.

Under the skies of his white-robed childhood
The robins were singing the carols of old;
But the Poet heard not the notes that trembled
As they mingled in grief with the bell that toll'd:
The ritual of faith filled field and forest,
As they buried the Poet, 'mid sobs and prayer,
Where the Altars of Morn are fragrant with incense,
And the bright tents of God shine clear and fair.

TEARS OF THE MAPLE.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

I.

BUT yesterday its heart was joyed,
It whispered love to brook and tree,
And felt in every root and limb
The genial sun so strong and free.

Its pulse was timed to English oak;
Its heart was true to Northern Star;
It grew in wealth of loyal care,
Cheered by a gift of love afar.

It felt no gale that swept the land,
For truth had girt its roots around,
And clasped it to a nation's heart
Deep set within each rood of ground.

Now in its strength of power and love
It feels the wound, it feels the cross—
The grief that bows our Mother Queen,
The sorrow of a nation's loss.

From out that regal home where dwell
The virtues that make England great,
There came a message dark in word
That smote as with the edge of fate—

A message that a nation's hope
  Had fallen from life's throbbing sky;
That he who held a people's trust
  Fell softly in God's arms on high.

II.

O Maple, dowered with life and joy!
  O bleeding tree of bitter pain!
Our chiefest son, our pilot, guide,
  Falls dead upon the deck in main.

He loved the sunshine of your heart,
  A gift from England's queenly rose;
He wrought two nations lasting good;
  His soul so great loved even foes.

He built not on the shifting sands
  Of plaudits gained in dubious way;
He faced the right, achieved his plan,
  In clearest light, in fullest day.

The storms that passion rolled on high
  Found in his heart no anxious heed;
Within the compass of his love
  He knew no tongue, nor race, nor creed.

The magnet of his noble mind
  Found swiftly duty's firm decree;
He served his God in all his works,
  And loyal to Him was ever free.

His deeds are stars to light our path;
  His fame, a glory born of heaven;
His life, an arc of rounded toil
  To God and country freely given.

III.

O Maple, clad with Christmas cheer,
  How sad your dream of joy to-morrow!
When Hope had kindled bright her fire,
  'Tis quench'd by Death's dark plume of sorrow.

And through our blinding tears is seen
  A ship that bears across the deep
The sacred clay of him we loved,
  For whom two nations mourn and weep.

O cruiser dark, with shadowy wings,
  Whose lips are tuned to battle's dirge!
Bear gently to our mournful shore
  Our honored dead through wind and surge.

May every star that crowns the night
  Drop beads of light upon his bier,
And angels weave a rosary bright,
  From Grief's dark pall and Sorrow's tear.

And O ye bells, whose requiem toll
  Speaks to the heart of life and death;
Whose pulsing throb and deepest tone
  Are but a type of human breath!

Ring o'er his bier a chime of prayer
  Strong as a nation's grief and love,
That he who won a wreath below
  May win the greater crown above.

IV.

O Maple, robed in shades of night!
  I come from out your shadowy pall,
And leave behind the gift of pain,
  And break the bonds of Sorrow's thrall.

The greater life of him who died
  Is vital in our hearts to-day,
For deeds have power and soul to plan,
  To shape our lives, to mould our clay.

Whatever things are done for God
  Have root in soil beyond our years,
And bud and bloom in beauteous form,
  Devoid of earthly hope and fears.

This life is but the vestibule,
  The altar-stairs that lead to heaven,
Around whose feet the nations kneel
  And pray that peace and light be given.

And looking through the mists of years
  I see, as in a dream, a land,
Fashion'd and form'd in toil and prayer,
  A gift of God divinely planned,

Where 'neath the light of Northern Star,
  With truth and honor for a wall,
A Nation dwells secure in peace,
  With God, our Father, guiding all.

IN MEMORIAM.

J. M. Hunter.

NOT dead! Thy great, strong soul rests now afar
In holier clime that this stained earth:
It is not death when we put off the vesture clay
And pierce the veil that hides immortal day.

We knew thee in thy prime of manhood's hour,
A friend of all beneficent and true;
Unstained, bright honor shone thro' all thy life,
Nor paled a ray in warm or sharpest strife.

A scholar ripe, yet modest as a child;
A soul aflame with wisdom's ardent zeal;
Thou held'st aloft the torch of science and of truth
To guide the doubtful steps of eager youth.

In school, at home, where'er thy duty led,
Love's sceptre ruled thy every word and deed;
Now toil is hushed, and Love kneels at thy bier,
To grace, O friend, thy memory with a tear!

FATHER McCANN.

FOR MANY YEARS VICAR-GENERAL OF TORONTO DIOCESE

OUT of the past with its dreamful care
Breaks a vision so bright and fair,
A youthful priest, in vestments clad,
Bows in prayer at the altar of God:
Gentle of heart, with vibrant soul,
Deep and pensive as vesper toll;
Preacher of truth in God's vineyard ripe,
Glorious and best of a priestly type,
Father McCann!

The harvest he gathered, the souls he cured,
The bark that was shatter'd he guided and moored;
Far in the dark and entangled wold,
He sought the lambs that had strayed from the fold.
The poor he solaced in Christ-like care,
With the bread of life and manna of prayer;
He trod in his Master's steps each day
No matter how thorny and rugged the way,
Father McCann!

Then the call of his Master came swift and clear
And anointed his eyes with Death's dark tear;
Sable the pall that dropp'd, in night,
And wrapp'd in silence his soul so bright:
Only the vision of God was there
As it shone in faith thro' the clouded air;
And a voice from heaven said "Come unto Me,
'Tis the Master's summons from beyond life's sea,
Father McCann!"

IN MEMORIAM.

D. A. O'Sullivan.

KNIGHT of honor, fearless, brave,
Champion of the truth and light,
Broad of mind and warm of soul,
Ever battling for the right.

Gifted heart we mourn thy loss—
Mourn thy loss in love and tears;
Feel the want of thy strong hand
Through the duty-ripening years.

IN MEMORIAM.

MY heart is set to Sorrow's Chord,
I feel the grief I cannot speak,
My lips would fain the burden tell
And voice my soul however weak.

For me no more the summer glows,
Thro' beams of earthly love and care,
For he within whose life I lived
Now dwells apart in requiem prayer.

Dear Lord, forgive the tear I shed—
The tribute of a human heart;
In faith I lean upon thy word,
Let me not from thy trust depart.

Thou takest from the ripening grain
Whatever holds the dews of heaven;
Teach me to live within Thy will
When Thou recall'st what Thou hast given.

He whom I mourn was Thy good gift—
A father loving, kind and true;
From day to day, from year to year,
In simple faith his virtues grew.

He knew the world in little part,
And heeded not its noisy din;
If aught of stain his life did mar,
O Lord, make pure the dark of sin.

For seaward now I look and gaze,
Cut off from land by Sorrow's bars,
And though the mists that blind my eyes
I feign would pierce beyond the stars!

IN MEMORIAM.

Very Rev. Dr. Tabaret, O.M.I.

HOW vain are words when sorrow strikes,
And hearts are bowed in tear-clad prayer,
When in the sanctuary of the Soul
We feel the pang grief cannot share.
A *Father* loving kind and true,
A *Priest* of great and noble part,
A *Friend* whose every word of grace
Brought sunshine to each troubled heart
Is dead!—and we his orphans mourn
As ones bereft of tender care,
And kneeling with our face to God
We bathe our souls in requiem prayer.
No more his gentle voice will lead
Our steps through walks of kindly light;
No more with torch of faith in hand
He'll guide our minds to heavenly height;
O mitred Prelate, Pastor great!
O Statesman! strong in honor's way,—
His was the heart of gifted love
That watch'd your future thro' each day.
O Fathers, priests and friends most dear!
When lips are sealed we grieve above,—
When bead by bead we tell in prayer,
Our tears ascend to heaven in love.
God grant our saintly father rest!
His armor of the earth laid by,—
"He fought the fight, he kept the faith,"
We pray his soul may dwell on high!

IN MEMORIAM.

Most Reverend John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam.

DEAD—great prince of the Irish Church,
Strong sheild of the poor oppressed;
Through Erin's heart a sword has pierced,
And she kneels by her Dead in the west.

And the morning breaks thro' tears and sighs,
O'er the brow of the dear old land;
But the widow'd mother wails and weeps
For Erin's Strong Right Hand.

Dead—with the sacred fruits of years
Garner'd in faith above;
On the altar of God, as tapers bright,
Flame deeds of the Prelate's love.

Dead—but the sun of his life shall live—
Shall beam thro' a Nation's tear;
And the crozier-hand and the gifted tongue
Shall bless each heart at his bier.

Dead—with a century kneeling by—
The snow-crowned years of the past,
With mitred heads and trembling lips
Utter the prayer "At last!"

AVE ATQUE VALE.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

AVE atque vale, sweet poet of our hearts!
Thy laurell'd crown is bright with angels' tears;
Thou wavest adieu to home and field and flowers,
To join the immortal caravan of silent years.
God gave thee gifts beyond the mortal day,
And so thou leds't the choral service of the land;
Ave atque vale! as passes from our dimm'd sight
Thy gentle soul, thy smile, thy kindly hand!

THE SILENT LISTS.

SIR WILFRED LAURIER.

ALL is silent in the lists:
Nor shock of steed, nor clash of brand;
Nor splintering spear, nor battle-axe;
Nor largess showered from lady's hand.
In the dim aisles, where kneel the Knights,
The Cross shines dark in mystic gloom;
And as the clouds of incense rise
A light shines o'er the Warrior's tomb.

THE DEAD LEADER.

JOHN E. REDMOND.

STAINLESS Leader, Knight of God,
Fallen on the field!
Erin kneels upon thy grave,
Weeps beside thy shield;
Thou didst battle for the right,
Leading men to truth and light;
Now thy mighty task is o'er,
Death has sealed the mystic door.

But thy spirit yet abides
Where the saints have blessed the way,
And the ray of freedom's torch
Cheers the hours and lights the day.
We will follow where thy star
Guides our footsteps from afar;
Thou, the Galahad of men,
Faithful to thy quest and kin!

DR. ROBERT JOSEPH DWYER.

FOR TWENTY FIVE YEARS MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT, ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL, TORONTO.

PHYSICIAN, Friend and Scholar,
Thou hast passed beyond our ken,
Leaving sealed the clinic chamber
With its mysteries within.

Baffled by thy skill and counsel,
Death, in envy, sought thy end;
Touch'd thee with a dream immortal—
Crown'd thee as a heavenly friend.

Now, we mourn thy ardent spirit,
Full of charity and truth;
Sowing aye the seeds of wisdom
With the buoyant hand of youth.

In the mystery of all healing,
Christ Himself hath ta'en a share:
May His mercy heal the wounded—
Rest thy soul in peace and prayer!

COMMEMORATIVE POEMS.

MOORE CENTENARY ODE.

A POEM READ AT THE MOORE CENTENARY CELEBRATION, BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

HAIL, bard of Erin, Ireland's greatest poet!
An aureole of fame enshrouds thy name to-night;
The chords of Tara's harp shall vibrate thro' the world,
And fill each Irish heart with gladness and delight.
Mute hung that harp, its string of sorrow pining,
Till tuned by thee to Freedom and to Song;
Its thrilling notes in mournful silence slumber'd
And death-like spoke of Ireland's grief and wrong.

Proudly thy genius grasped each note and number,—
Each lay of mirth, each sad and plaintive strain
Told of a people dreaming hopes of freedom,
While clinging to them press'd dark slavery's chain;
And as thy impulse touch'd the lyre of Erin,
A gleam of hope beam'd thro' a nation's tears,
Which, bright'ning shone with such resplendent glory,
That, for a season, Hope dispell'd all fears.

Well did'st thou sing of Ireland's ancient glory,
Ere fair-haired Saxon wrought a nation's wrong,
When Brian's harp told that the Danes were vanquish'd,
And patriots wove their freedom into song.
Well did'st thou cheer the Irish heart in sadness,
Till Mirth forgot the captive chains around,
And Memory, fraught with olden days of valor,
Gave to bright Hope a tinge of Freedom's sound.

And e'en apart from Irish scene and story,
In Eastern tale thy genius found a lay;
On Cashmere's plains—its beauteous hills and valleys—
A Lalla Rookh will keep thy natal day—
Will weave a crown of Persia's fragrant roses,
As thou did'st weave for her bright bridal day,
And crown thee first of Ireland's gifted poets—
A tribute to thy great immortal lay.

A hundred years have passed, and dear old Ireland
In every land reveres thy cherish'd name,
And Erin's heart beats high and swells with gladness
To hear her sons speak proudly of thy fame;
Yea, e'en in this our own loved, fair Dominion,
Upon the Bay of Quinté's beauteous shore,
We learn to lisp our own Canadian Boat Song,
And with thee rest at times our weary oar.

Hail, then great bard! fair Canada salutes thee!
Thy glory is the glory of our race;
We'll weave a Maple chaplet with the Shamrock,
To crown thy fame with beauty and with grace;
For while Erin lifts her harp upon thy birthday,
And Irish hearts swell proudly at thy name,
We'll ne'er forget the country that begot thee,
Whose glory is thine own immortal fame!

PROFECTURI SALUTAMUS.

A GRADUATION POEM READ AT THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

HAIL seat of learning! temple of each art!
Thy clustering fame salutes us as we part!
Bright is the morn within thy classic walls,
Pleasant each sweet-lipp'd hour when duty calls;
Mine be the task—a pilgrim at thy shrine—
To weave in verse the glory that is thine!

This is our golden day, its memories dear
Will bud and bloom with each returning year;
When winter's frost has chilled the throbbing lyre,
Its chords will ring by life's decaying fire,
And every beam that warms our breast today
Will burn a star o'er life's declining way.

Before we part, ere yet the dews of eve
Have dimm'd our sight or taught our heart to grieve,
While rosebud blushes on the cheek of June,
And groves are vocal with their minstrel's tune,
We fain would linger 'round thy altar fires,
And warm our hearts and hands with scholar sires.

Not thus, not thus—the sun is sinking fast,
Its last bright-curtain'd ray, and all is past;
Our college morn rejoicing in the East,
Each student brings a flower to crown the feast—
The noon is hot the toil and labor o'er—
See, here we stand, kind parents, at the door.

The race was long, each mile-stone far apart,
Now thro' the mists of time we see the start;
Ah! how the rounded years gleam in our mind,
Fair memories bright'ning as they roll behind;
See by our side good friends, who watch'd our pace,
And mark'd the smile that beamed upon each face.

Then let us haste ere yet the breath of eve
Has woo'd the flowers our hands would fondly weave;
Tho night will come when hearts will be at rest,
And sable curtains hide each honor'd guest;
The story half begun will not be told
If pulse grow faint and eye grow dim and old.

Sweet are the hours that nestle in the years
While Youth and Manhood join their hopes and fears;
When young Ambition climbs the Eastern hill,
And sunbeams dance upon the neighbouring rill,—
In triumph scales each student to the cloud,
Nor dreams himself beyond the living crowd.

Perhaps he thinks, as Jacob did of old,
When angels climb'd the heavenward stairs of gold,
The dream is good—'tis pleasant all alone,
Here will I rest upon this cloudy stone;
To-day we reach a height flush'd with a ray,
Then pour the oil and consecrate the day.

Yes, pour the oil upon each reverend name
That gilds our temple with its clustering fame;
Long may its sacred counsels guide our heart,
Our Alma Mater shrine of Truth and Art!
Long may its glories shed bright lustre 'round
The hallow'd scenes our hearts to-day have crown'd.

And now, kind friends, the fast declining ray
Fades to the twilight of our golden day;
With grateful voice we whisper fond farewell!
And wave our hands and toll the curfew bell!
We hail you, greet you, friends and Fathers dear,
Crown'd with bright flowers of love from year to year!

MEMOR ET FIDELIS.

A POEM COMMEMORATIVE OF COLLEGE DAYS, READ AT THE REUNION OF THE ALUMNI OF OTTAWA UNIVERSITY.

O COMRADES of the old, old days,
Who touch the chords of other years,
And gather flowers of sweetest May,
To crown our joys with Memory's tears!
Ye who have known the gladsome toil
That stirred our hearts with manly strife
Within St. Joseph's classic walls,
Whose sunbeams cheered our College life.

Look back thro' vistas of the past,
And view the forms of olden days—
The waves have ebbed, our thoughts take flight—
Old hearts are singing boyhood's lays;
Hear in the halls that classic step
That tells of Caesar's march thro' Gaul,
And how the Greek in Virgil's verse
Spun out a tale for Ilium's fall.

In bold crusade we touch the shore
Where Sidon leans upon the sea,
And Richard's hosts a banner bore
To lead their King to victory;
And now where Grecian valor stood
Beside the narrow strait of heat,
Leonidas with Spartan band
Falls on his shield in brave defeat.

But hark! from out the belfry tower
A chiming summons greets each class,
And Roman Greek and sons of Gaul
With baseballs storm the narrow pass;
In centre field 'tis Hector's catch,
With Achilles behind the bat;
"The *pitcher* oft goes to the well,"
But ne'er is broken up for that.

And out upon the velvet green
The battle rages fierce and long,
The Rugby rules are all the go,
The ball pitched 'round like some old song;
Beside the flag great Caesar falls,
For Brutus kicked him on the shin,—
The victor runs the vanquish'd cries,
The goal! the goal! *tu quoque* Quinn!"

But stay illusion!—Stay, fond theme!
Are we the boys of long ago?
Has each one pluck'd a floweret wild
From Memory's garden—white as snow?
Ah, yes! I read in every eye
That beams in friendship 'round this board
That pulse of hand and pulse of heart
Throb from the fire of Memory's chord.

What care we for the ragged verse
If but the heart speaks in each line;
'Tis not the sunbeams on the grape,
But friendship's smile that warms the wine.
Bring me the lyre with tuneful strings,
For I would sing of College days,
And fling each number from my heart
Flecked with a star of tender rays.

We *are* the boys, but somewhat changed
Since first we left our Mother's lap,
And her kind words in sweetest tone
Proclaimed us fledged with gown and cap.
See yonder is our *Magister* *
Who rules the board with grace and art;
You think his hair is growing white?
'Tis but the flowering of his heart.

And look! here's one with brief and gown
Who pleads *Supreme* before the court;
In olden days he joked so much
We thought him fit for nought but sport.
And by his side a fair-haired boy,
Whose tongue and mine could ne'er agree,
Is now a *pillar* of the state,
A full-fledged, happy, great M.D.

* The late Hon Justice Curran of Montreal

But ah! my comrades, pause a while,
Our holiest memories are above;
For God has blessed our College home
With priests our hearts in reverence love.
We count the triumphs won in life
By dint of toil and worldly care;
Yet who will keep in record bright
The victories won thro' silent prayer?

Then let us pledge our comrades dear
Thro' dews of May and winter's snow;
The wine of memory tastes more sweet
When pressed by hearts of long ago.
Fill up each goblet to the brim—
We oft before have made more noise—
Let three times three resound in cheers,
Hail, grand old College! Dear old Boys!

WELCOME T. D. SULLIVAN.

A POEM READ AT THE RECEPTION TENDERED T. D. SULLIVAN, THE IRISH POET AND PATRIOT, IN TORONTO, DEC. 1894.

WELCOME to our hearts and homes! welcome,
T. D. Sullivan!
From the land our fathers trod, strong in faith and lov'd of God;
Where the shamrock dreams at morn,
Where each patriot son was born,
And the hope of freedom's day
Lights with torch the darkest way;
Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our happy land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

We have watch'd your lov'd career,
Seal'd it with an exile's tear,
Pledg'd our faith to Erin's cause,
To her love and life and laws;
To each cabin in the vale,
Stung by crowbar, rent with wail;
Brave in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our joyous land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

Here where freedom's rays ne'er set,
"Deep in Canadian woods we've met,"
And with a hearty three times three,
We'll toast old Ireland's liberty,
Till high above each hill and dell
Your patriot words will ring and swell;
Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our glorious land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

For though the centuries stretch behind,
Maim'd by chains that chafe and bind,
We have brought to our bright shore
A cead mille *failthe* at the door;
A love that lives thro' every year,
Survives the grave's immortal tear;
Brave in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our happy land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

O the joy to meet you here!
Hear your words of hope and cheer;
Learn the gains along the line,
Fire our souls with patriot wine;
List to one who loves the Gael
And weaves his life in song and tale;
Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our joyous land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

You bring to us a strength of years
Spent in love and hope and fears;
Where O'Connell toil'd and planned
To break the chains that bound his land;
Where strong-soul'd and stern Parnell
Led his band of patriots well;
Brave in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our glorious land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

"God Save Ireland" was your song;
It swept from shore to shore along;
It echoed o'er the exiled dead
Pillow'd in the deep sea's bed;
It link'd our lives with those above
Who died for Erin's cause and love;
Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our happy land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

Here where grows the maple tree—
Type of life and liberty—
We'll spread a banquet rich and wide,
And toast the brave and good who died;
Sing your songs of joy and cheer
That link our hopes from year to year;
Brave in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our joyous land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

Welcome to our hearts and homes! welcome, T. D. Sullivan!
Bright the message that you bring;
Sweet the joyous songs you sing;
Every word we'll greet with cheers,
Born of love thro' ripening years;
Poet, patriot, statesman strong,
Welcome with your gift of song!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

THE TWILIGHT OF THE CROSS.

A POEM READ AT THE DEDICATION, ON DECEMBER 11TH, 1902, OF ST. ANNE'S MEMORIAL CHURCH, PENETANGUISHENE, ONTARIO, COMMEMORATIVE OF THE MARTYRDOM OF THE JESUIT FATHERS, BREBEUF AND LALEMANT.

BUILD high to God, and not to fame
The shaft that marks a sainted name;
For fame is but the dust of earth—
A meteor blaze of suden birth;
But faith hath root in heavenly things
And bears God's world upon its wings;
It fears not death nor Cæsar's frown—
Its test and truth a martyr's crown.

And so we build and bless to day,
Here by this quiet, historic bay,
Where once Loyola's sons had trod,
A goodly temple to our God.

Well nigh three hundred years have sped
And sentinel'd the saintly dead,
Since from their homes, in sunny France,
From Norman vale, with its romance,
There came that strong, heroic band,
With cross of faith to bless our land;
Following God's finger through the wild
To snatch from death each savage child.

Their arms the breviary and the cross;
Aught else but faith they count as dross;
And kneeling, seek God's will on high,
Within St. Mary's on the Wye.

The seed of faith has blazed within—
The triumphs of the cross begin;
Where death and darkness filled the land,
The rays of truth showered from God's hand
Blot out the stain of sin and shame
And leave the perfume of God's name;
Through dark Huronia's forests wild
The savage chief becomes a child.

But Calvary and Thabor's height
Are linked in glorious beams of light,
As torch and stake and burning coal
Release from earth each martyr'd soul.

O great, strong souls of faith and love!
Captains of truth for God above!
Heroic priests of twilight days
Who pierc'd our forests, bless'd our bays;
Sons of Ignatius, Saint of God!
Faith's perfume followed where ye trod;
To-day we bless and dome with prayer
This Church Memorial, chaste and fair!

DETROIT 1701—1901.

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE CADILLAC BI-CENTENARY CELEBRATION, JULY 1901.

A SEEDLING in the wilderness, beside a crystal stream,
Stirr'd into life and glory as in a radiant dream;
And Faith which clasped the soul of Hope and sanctified each ray,
That burn'd and blossom'd in a sky that canopied each day:

This is the story of a life heroic, strong and true—
A city builded, through the years, as step by step it grew;
Two hundred years have gifted thee with comeliness and grace;
We hail thee, maiden, born of France with beauteous New World face!

VESTIGIA RETRORSUM.

A POEM READ AT THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, TORONTO, ONTARIO, APRIL 28TH, 1903.

GATHER we here to-night, O comrades dear,
To greet with love and joy this Golden Year!
We bring to crown thee, Alma Mater fond,
The flowers our hearts so long have held in bond.
For fifty years thy faith has led the way
And filled each night with splendor of the day;
For fifty years thy kind and gentle hand
Has led our wayward footsteps thro' the land.

Here then to-night we cluster round thy feet
And storm with love the old maternal seat,
Where Faith and Science shed their radiant light,
And Truth has reared for us an altar bright;
Students of long ago, grey-bearded boys,
With increment of love if not of noise,
We meet across the years that bind our brow,
Some captains, pilots, watchers on the prow.

What glorious vision ours! A Golden Jubilee
Spreads every sail that swells upon life's sea;
What ventures bold amid the stress and storm!
What gallant souls! How rare each beauteous form!
God's battleship is mann'd from stern to prow,
And faithful is each seaman to his vow.
Each cruiser knows full well the channel mined
And every season fraught with dangerous wind.

All this thy labor, Alma Mater dear,
Through every fortune of each ripening year;
In Church and State thy voice is wisdom's call
Ringing along Time's academic hall,
A trumpet blast, a summons to each soul,
To do the things of God—whate'er the goal.
Because of this thy work is truly great,
The season of thy fruitage never late.

But pause we here beside life's altar fire
To strike the chords of Memory's golden lyre;
It seems but yesterday 'neath murmuring pine
Enrolled we stood and drank thy classic wine;
It seems but yesterday, and yet how far
Between life's morning and its evening star;
Then saw we but the footlights on the stage,
Now dreams are turned to deeds on every page.

Vestigia retrorsum! Backward we trace
Thy altar-light, a guiding gift of grace;
Around thy shrine we kneel in faith and prayer
And greet thee, Alma Mater, ever fair;
And when God's love has filled thy lap with flowers,
And Truth and Duty builded well the hours,
May that great saint who triumphed in the fight
Record the names of those who joy to night!

A GOLDEN VISION.

A POEM READ AT THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE URSULINE ACADEMY, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

FOR fifty years God's whiten'd harvest
Filled life's fields with light and love,
Nurtur'd by the gift of heaven,
Ripen'd by kind dews above:
'Neath the starry skies of Texas,
Where Faith plann'd a shrine of prayer,
Golden visions of the future
Deep inlaid with toil and care.

Here are link'd the Past and Present
Bound by chain of fifty years,
Where good saintly Bishop Odin
Builded high thro' thorns and tears:—
Here came daughters of St. Ursula,
Bearing fire from Brescia's shrine;
Faithful to great St. Augustine,
Founder of a saintly line.

Humble daughters, cloistered virgins,
Spurning every worldly joy,
You have conquer'd thro' devotion,
Found the gold in earth's alloy:
Now your children gather round you;
Hail your daughters, Mother dear;
Fill your lap with love's bright roses
Gather'd in life's garden near.

Children of the Mexic palm land,
With light of Castile in their eyes;
Daughters of fair Louisiana—
Creole wed of lake and sky:
Texas blossoms, sweet and fragrant,
Full of life and ever free,
Form a garland of devotion—
Crown your Golden Jubilee.

Mitr'd Prelate, Priest and People
Gather—greet you with acclaim;
Praying God may bless the Ursulines,
Write in heaven each humble name!
Fill your years with pious fruitage,
Scattering blessings o'er the land;
Fashioning souls for God's own temple
Pure in heart—an ardent band.

This your mission of the future;
This your mission of the past;
Here in San Antonio's vineyard
Ever faithful to the last.
Golden is the sky above you,
Ardent in each prayerful heart;
Arch'd with love your splendid future—
Starr'd and crown'd in every part.

THE COLUMBUS MEMORIAL.

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE UNVEILING OF THE COLUMBUS MEMORIAL AT WASHINGTON D.C. JUNE 1912.

THE veil was drawn and lo! to gaze of man
A new primeval world lay robed in dream;
Upon its brow a diadem of Truth
That flashed its rays athwart the glorious sun:
From mountain top to vale a choral song
Filled all the vaulted sky with loud acclaim;
Then found the heart of man a statelier home—
An Empire vast of mountain, sea and plain.

O Pilot of Mankind! O Christ-Bearer to our shores!
Thy message was from God who holds all lands;
He stilled the tempest that thy barque might sail;
He filled thy heart with courage when Death lower'd.
True Knight of God, thy followers today
Have vision too, where God directs and leads;
To thee, O mighty Mariner! Memorial here we raise—
A gift of love, of faith—a tribute unto Man!

SALVE ALMA MATER.

A POEM READ AT THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, WINDSOR, ONT., JUNE 1914.

HAIL, Alma Mater, Shrine of Truth and Art!
Where Faith and Science glow with hallow'd light;
Within the sanctuary of thy peaceful home,
We sing the litany of thy toil to-night.
Here, where the years have blossomed, rich in deed,
And crowned thy altar with supernal love,
We cluster 'round thy feet, a pilgrim throng,
And greet thee with a joy that reigns above.

Not ours the gift and guerdon of the world,
Its loud hosannas and its meed of praise;
But incense born of toil and faith triumphant,
Fragrant with heaven, and golden with the days:
For Memory's lyre strikes notes of deeper import,
As thro' the years we struggle towards the goal,—
To mould and fashion, with the tears of angels,
That gift of God, a woman's beauteous soul.

Hail, then, St. Mary's, shrine of fondest memories!
God's blessing light the altar of thy fame!
May that blue mantle of our tender Mother
Shield and protect thy bright and star-crowned name!
From hearts devout as children in devotion,
We turn to thee, to-night, in gratitude and praise,
And hymn thy worth, and crown thee with bright garlands,
Our Alma Mater loved thro' all our days!

ECCE MAGNUS SACERDOS.

INSCRIBED TO HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS, ON THE OCCASION OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF HIS EPISCOPAL CONSECRATION, 1918.

LET every heart rejoice from sea to sea,
And mark with love his Golden Jubilee;
Let Churchmen reverently before him bow,
As one who lived for God in holy vow;
Let Statesmen pause to greet his agèd form
Whose gentle words have stilled both strife and storm:
A Priest of God devoted, wise, sincere,
Whose love for man has flowered from year to year;
Wearing the mitre with such simple grace
That dignity and honor found their place.

Now fifty years have scattered seeds and snow
And touched with life and death all dreams below;
Standing, like some great oak in ancient grove,
With outstretched arms above a sacred trove,
Its forehead bared to storm and sun and hail,
Nor bowed not bent before the fitful gale,
This Prince of Church, this Statesman of the land,
Protects and blesses with anointed hand;
And, as the waning sun lights up his kindly face,
Altar, cloister and home reflects a new-born grace.

JOY AMONG THE ANGELS.

A POEM READ AT THE BANQUET TENDERED VERY REV. DEAN HARRIS D.D., LITT. D., LL.D., IN THE KING EDWARD HOTEL, TORONTO, JUNE 10TH 1920, ON THE OCCASION OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF HIS ORDINATION TO THE PRIESTHOOD.

IT was in the courts of heaven
The angels held a fête;
St. Michael was presiding,
St. Peter at the gate:
The guests afar from every star
Filled heaven with their mirth;
But there was lacking still a guest
From this old planet—Earth.

The angel-herald stood at arms
Announcing those who came,
With voice and accent clear and loud
Like an umpire at a game;
When suddenly the gate swung wide,
St. Peter bowed him near;
The angel-herald called aloud
In joy, "The Dean is here!"

St. Gabriel questioned how he came,
And if the air was chill,
And how he climbed the battlements
That crown the heavenly hill;
For he had neither wheel nor spur
Nor aeroplane nor sail:
The Dean just smiled and answered,
"I have come 'By Path and Trail.'"

POEMS OF MEMORY, MEDITATION AND FANCY.

IN THE HEART OF THE MEADOW.

IN the heart of the meadow, where Love abides,
And rules his Court as a sceptr'd King,
Green-clad Knights, with dewdrop helmets,
Pledge their faith and roundly sing:
"Honor to him, our liege lord King,
Who rules the air and the land and the sea;
His throne rests not on the arms of Empire,
But the hearts of his subjects so true and free!"

In the heart of the meadow, where Love abides,
Are royal courts and royal halls,
And the gates are open and the bars descend not,
As the warders sing on the outer walls:
"Honor to him, our liege lord King,
Who rules the air and the land and the sea;
His throne rests not on the arms of Empire,
But the hearts of his subjects so true and free!"

In the heart of the meadow, where Love abides,
Time fills the hours with a magic glass;
For there is no dreaming and there is no seeming,
Where the world is singing and the King will pass:
"Honor to him, our liege lord King,
Who rules the air and the land and the sea;
His throne rests not on the arm of Empire,
But the hearts of his subjects so true and free!"

REVERIE.

AT eve, as the sun sinks low in the west,
And its streamlets are kissing each hill,
'Tis sweet to recline 'neath a bright autumn tree
That is brooding in silence so still;

To watch the dark mantle of night fall down
And wrap the cold shoulders of day,—
O golden hour in the autumn of life,
Stay, linger with Hope's bright ray!

Stay, linger a while in thy sapphire hues,
And paint me a vision so bright,
That the past and the future shall blend into one
Like a day and a star-cheering night

O paint me those sweet-lipp'd hours long past
When my heart puls'd free from all care,—
When the bright, bright flowers of a rosy morn
Were breathing the incense of prayer.

Far back, far back in the morning life
Glad memory beckons me on
To a garden of hope bedash'd with dew,
Where visions or infancy throng.

Ah! yes I am treading once more the path,—
See here are the lilacs in bloom,
And the fancy I wove in a wreath one day
To cover some nameless tomb.

O vision of Youth! O altar of Truth!
O golden censer on high!
I would that my soul might float like thee
In fragrant balm to the sky!

IN DREAMLAND.

I DREAMT a dream of the old, old days
When life was sweet and strong,
When the breath of morn swept thro' the groves
Like the notes of a joyous song;
And I knelt beside my mother's knee,
And lisped in faith her prayer,
When the lilacs bloomed and the roses bled,
Too full of the morning air.

For the world to me was bright and fair
In the days of long ago,
When each summit peak was bathed in light
That streamed to the vale below;
And the birds sang songs in tender notes,
As sweet as the voice of love,
And the earth was full of roseate dreams
That ripen'd in faith above.

And I threw my arms about the past,
Its hopes its griefs its love,
As I pressed to my heart each cherish'd thought
That nestl'd like some fond dove;
And I lived again the joys of youth,
Made strong thro' the summer's rays,
As I drank the wine from Memory's cup
In dreams of the old, old days.

FORSAN HAEC MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

TREASUR'D the volumes we've laid on the shelves,
As we've dusted the rooms of our years;
For the Past is a child we have petted and spoiled,
And crown'd with our love and our tears.
"Forsan haec meminisse juvabit."

Thro' the mists of the years, deep-toned as the meres,
We search for the pebbles long lost;
By the beach where we strayed, near the shrine where we prayed,
When the flowers of our years knew no frost.
"Forsan haec meminisse juvabit."

We watch for the sails which were filled with the gales
That blew from the Islands of Youth;
What splendor of bark as it shot thro' the dark
Towards the Lighthouse of Candor and Truth!
"Forsan haec meminisse juvabit."

And we dream of the days thro' the mist and the haze,
With their etchings of life so divine;
True to heaven and earth, true to dawn-tide of birth,
With the impress of God in each line.
"Forsan haec meminisse juvabit."

MEMORY'S URN.

O HALLOW'D scene of boyhood's morn,
When Hope held high her lamp above,
And dreams of manhood flushed the days
Bright-ringed like sunlit skies of love;
Thro' vistas clad with purple toil
I view the honied hours once more,
And clasp the hand of comrades fond,
And greet each heart at memory's door

Come in, come in, dear boys of old,
I know each bird though changed in plume;
Within my heart—a cage unbarr'd—
You've nestl'd long 'mid sun and gloom;
Within my heart your cherished forms
Have grac'd the hours of long ago,
When flowers of spring in fragrance bloom'd,
Nor dreamt of winter's cruel snow.

Across the years that bind my brow
Fall glints of sunshine from the past,
As sailing swiftly thro' life's sea
Morn's crimson streak lights up the mast:
The songsters in the grove I hear—
A tuneful choir of other days,
Whose notes of rapture stir my heart
Like chords of old mediaeval lays.

Ah! morn so bright of long ago
When first I sought that classic hall
Where Faith and Science shed their light,
And duty hearkened to each call;
Where hearts are taught a love of truth,
Nor filled with anxious gain nor care,
Where toil is but the seal of heaven—
A psalm of love—a rounded prayer.

O sweet-lipp'd hours! O golden days!
That light with joy my darkling noon;
O roses set with petals bright
That dream in amber light of June!
Fill up my heart with star-clad thought,
With kindly flames that gleam and burn,
That in the eventide of life
May glow anew from fragrant urn!

RIPENED FRUIT.

I KNOW not what my heart has lost:
I cannot strike the chords of old;
The breath that charmed my morning life
Hath chilled each leaf within the wold.

The swallows twitter in the sky,
But bare the nest beneath the eaves;
The fledglings of my care are gone,
And left me but the rustling leaves.

And yet, I know my life hath strength,
And firmer hope and sweeter prayer,
For leaves that murmur on the ground
Have now for me a double care.

I see in them the hope of spring,
That erst did plan the autumn day;
I see in them each gift of man
Grow strong in years, then turn to clay.

Not all is lost—the fruit remains
That ripened through the summer's ray;
The nurslings of the nest are gone,
Yet hear we still their warbling lay.

The glory of the summer sky
May change to tints of autumn hue;
But faith that sheds its amber light
Will lend our heaven a tender blue.

O altar of eternal youth!
  O faith that beckons from afar,
Give to our lives a blossomed fruit—
  Give to our morns an evening star!

NOVEMBER.

CHILL-CLAD, cold November,
Autumn's drooping head,
Weeping skies, psalm-like sighs,
Nature's cold, cold bed.

Dead leaves fall before me—
Hopes of summer dreams;
Naked boughs, broken vows,
Mirror'd in bright streams.

Tatter'd robes of glory
Trampled by the wind;
Faded rays, faded days,
Floating through the mind.

Days of gloom and sadness,
Hours of sacred care;
Lonely biers, bitter tears,
Hearts in silent prayer.

TWO WORKERS.

THE man who plants a seed of corn
And watches o'er it night and morn,
And prays the heaven for kindly cheer
To nurse its heart with dewy tear,
Is doing work of goodly part
Which gladdens hearth and home and mart,
And gives his name an honored place
Within the compass of his race.

But he who builds for future time
Strong walls of faith and love sublime,
Who domes with prayer his gift of toil,
Whom neither fate nor foe can foil,
Is doing work of godly part
Within the kingdom of the heart,
And wins him honor brighter far
Than ray of light from heavenly star!

IN LOWLY VALLEY.

GO forth, my heart, and seek some lowly valley,
Beneath a sky of bright and tender hue,
From which kind stars rain down their mystic splendor
And wake the earth with tears of heavenly dew;
Let not the summit peaks of distant glory
Shut out the peace that reigns within the plain;
Better the flowers that bloom within the valley
Than tempting heights lit up with arid gain.

Go forth, my heart, nor dream of each to-morrow
That mocks the hopes and sunshine of to-day,
For life hath joys that grow within the present,
But ripen not if touch'd by future ray.
In lowly valley, peace broods sweet and holy,
Full of the vesper-tide of thought and prayer,
Bound by the golden clasp of love and duty—
In lowly valley, life is void of care!

JUNE IS COMING.

JUNE is not here, and yet I feel
'Tis softly tripping up the way;
The hours that throb thro' morn and noon,
Have caught the glory of its ray.
I lean my ear to Nature's heart
And count its pulse of anxious care,
That holds communion with a plan
Deep set in dreams of toil and prayer.

June is not here, and yet my heart
Drinks in the freshness of its morns—
The rose that blossoms on its cheek
With light and love my day adorns.
The fields of heaven are tender blue,
And clad with green are hill and plain;
While from each bud and blossom bright
There bursts a sweet and glad refrain.

June is not here, and yet my soul
Is touch'd with Nature's throb divine;
The brook that slips thro' moss and mead
Is to my heart a gift and sign.
O God, I thank Thee for this love
That binds my soul in joy and tear;
That makes my life a hymn of praise
To Thy great work, when June is here!

AN INVITATION.

COME with me into the mystery of Nature's
shadow and sound,
Where the heart of the past and the dreams of
to-day make holy each rood of ground;
Where the spoils of the years that have fled are heap'd
on altars of pain,
And the tears that were shed on each pillow of grief
are turned to glory and gain.

Come with me into the mystery of Nature's infinite
plan,
With its flower and fruit in heaven above and its root
in the heart of man;
Where the latent powers of things that are take form
and shape divine,
And the water of life at the wedding feast is turned to
red, red wine.

Come with me into the mystery of infinite love and
care,
Where the planets wheel thro' the grooves of time
and the swallows fade in the air;
Where the thoughts that we utter seek home and rest
In the bosom of God with the Infinite Blest.

WOMAN.

DIPPED in the instincts of heaven,
Robed in the garments of earth,
Maiden and Mother and Queen,
Wearing each crown at thy birth:

Threefold thy gift to the world,
Pluck'd from God's ripening sky,
Tending the altar of life,
Kindred to angels on high.

LIFE AND DEATH.

THE swallow skims through the air
In fields of blinding blue,
While the heart of nature calls in joy
To each billow of infinite hue.

Below, in the cottage, a mother sits,
With the tears of grief her dower,
As she gazes into the cradle dark
Where slumber'd her sweet, sweet flower.

O Swallow, that skims in the air!
Do you share in each sorrow and woe ?
Do you hear the sob of a mother's heart
Under the cold, cold snow?

Joying athwart the dreamful heavens,
Have you thought of the nest 'neath the eaves,
And the fledglings of care that left your side
In the greening and glory of leaves?

GIOTTO'S CAMPANILE.

O PULSING heart with voice attuned
To all the soul builds high,
Framing in notes of love divine
A drama of the sky!
Across the Arno's flowing tide
Thy notes chime on the air,
Deep as the mysteries of God
And tender as a prayer.

Here, where the Poet of Sorrows dwelt,
Whose altar Love had built,
And framed his morn in dreams so pure
That knew not stain nor guilt:
O *Vita Nuova!* Earthly Love
Then changed to Love Divine;
Transfigured at the wedding-feast,
Earth's grapes are heavenly wine.

Where cowl'd monk with soul of fire
Struck vice athwart the face,
With God's anointed sword of truth
That flashed with beams of grace.
O bitter days of war and strife!
Heaven's ardor was too great;
The Empire of the earth held sway
And sealed with saddest fate.

Methinks I hear from thy strong lips,
O century-dower'd bell!
The story of the Whites and Blacks,
As banners rose or fell:
Methinks I hear an epic voice,
Full of God's love and power,
With accent of an Exile sad
Speaking from out thy tower!

TWO ROSES.

I PLUCKED a rose at eventide
When tears from heaven were falling,
And shadows clad the distant hills
That to my heart seemed calling—
I pluck'd a rose and in its heart
I found a dream of childhood,
'Twas fragrant with the dews of youth
Still lingering in the wild wood.

Ah, well I knew the dream I found,
'Twas set in manhood's morning,—
A picture of the noonday bright
With starry hopes adorning;
The throbbing heart of early youth
That knew each route and ramble
Was painted in its glowing cheeks
'Mid bower and brake and bramble.

I pluck'd a rose—alas, too soon!
Its heart was full of sighing,
While health and hope filled every bud
My rose was surely dying;
The lilac griev'd, the fuchsia wept,
Each orphan mourn'd in sorrow,
For dark the night that reign'd above
And dark the coming morrow.

I plucked a rose at early morn
When gentle winds were straying,
And balmy air of leafy June
Through nature's heart was playing;
Within its folds was wrapt a dream
Of manhood's gain and glory,
And strength of years and star-crown'd days
Embalmed in verse and story.

I pluck'd a rose—alas so soon!
It's joy-crowned days were number'd,
It's dream was o'er, it's noontide gone,
In death's cold arms it slumber'd:
The stars above looked down in grief,
Earth's blossoms droop'd in sorrow,
The rose of early noon was dead,—
It's hopes reached not to-morrow.

O, rose of morn, O rose of eve,
O fragrant dream of wildwood,
Within your folds I've slumber'd oft
In stainless day's of childhood—
Within your folds I've watched the dawn
Grow strong in noontide splendour,
Then sink behind the hills of blue
In curtains deep and tender!

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

HOPE! Hope!
The hour is coming,
And the dawning of the day
Fast sheds its mellow glory,
As the sun's bright golden ray
Puts to blush the timid sky,
While each star has shut an eye,
And the tide of morn approaches
In its glory from the East.

Hope! Hope!
The hour is coming,
And the little star seeks rest,
As a child that, growing weary,
Nestles to its mother's breast;
All the glories of the night
Lose their soft enchanting light,
For the lord of day approaches
In his chariot from the East.

Hope! Hope!
The hour is coming,
And the purple'd heavens above
Beam upon the dissolution
In Faith and Hope and Love,
As a flash of golden light
Paints with fire each summit height,
And the sky as one great ocean
Fast proclaims the day begun.

Hope! Hope!
The dewy tear-drops,
Wept in night's dark bitter hour,
Cling like rubies and bright diamonds
To each leaf and bud and flower:
So will sorrow in the breast
Change to rubies and be blest,
And the sun of Hope resplendent
Light the hour.

THE FUNERAL BELL.

KNELL! Knell! Knell!
Rings thro' the air the funeral bell;
Fraught with cold woe
Now high, now low—
Tolling so mournfully,
Tolling so lornfully,
Deep toned, grief-toned, sorrowful bell!

Knell! Knell! Knell!
Peal the sad notes of the funeral bell;
Dismally—drearily—
Ever so wearily,
Float the sad tones,
Echo'd in moans
Down the dark dome of the funeral bell.

Knell! Knell! Knell!
Ever the same sad story to tell:
Just a lone bier—
Memory's tear—
Shroud them in dust,
Sinful and just!
Peal the sad notes of the funeral bell.

Knell! Knell! Knell!
Dirges of woe the heart knows so well;
Tolling on high,
Tolling each sigh—
Authors of gloom,
Psalms from the tomb,
Deep-toned, grief-toned, sorrowful bell!

MY PATH.

I KNOW not where my feet may tread in future years;
Thro' garden walks of dreamy flowers in fragrant bloom,
Or down the narrow, thorny way beset with toil,
That winds thro' vales of sacred tears.

I know not if the purple morns will ope for me
Rich gifts of pearls and jewell'd crowns;
My path may be a lonely waste of blighted hopes,
Nor lamp nor star lend kindly cheer that I may see.

I only know that faith will light my future way;
That, torch in hand, I cannot fear the darkest hour
That 'round my path may spread its gloom,
If heaven direct my steps thro' endless day.

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